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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1938
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Vol. CLIV No. 2015 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPT. 3 1938

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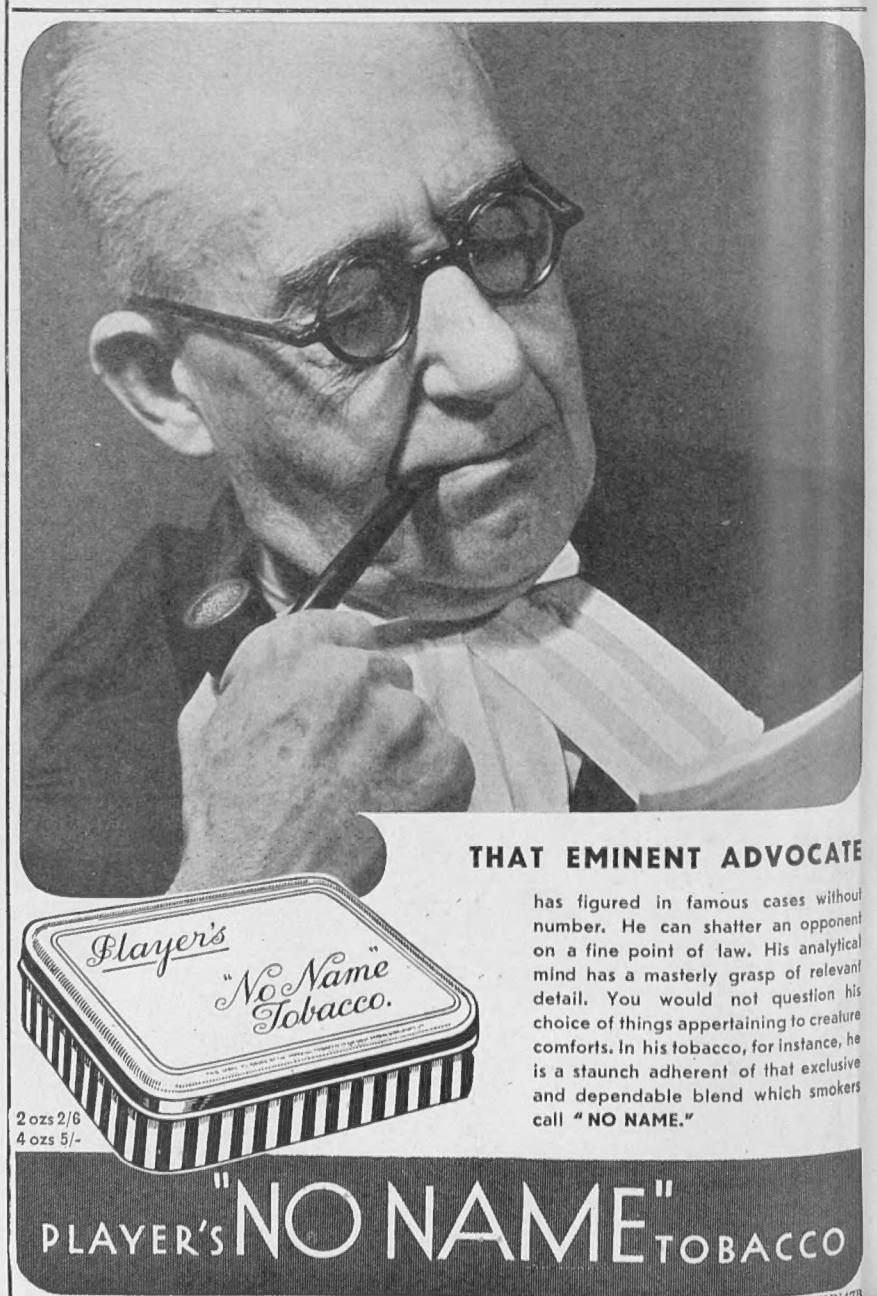

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Volume CLIV No. 2015

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 3, 1938

THREE MEN OF A CRITICAL MOMENT

Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador in Berlin, Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir John Simon, and Foreign Secretary Lord Halifax, Arriving at the Foreign Office to Discuss the Czech Situation

The Czech situation—ever varying between keen anxiety and comparative relief—entered upon a new period of tensity towards the end of last week when the officially-inspired German press reopened its attacks on Czechoslovakia and reiterated its demands for a speedy settlement of the Sudeten minority question, doing so at a period when over a million Germans are under arms for the ostensible purpose of manœuvres. Meantime Lord Runciman, as an independent agent, continued to pursue his painstaking mission of reconciliation in Prague, while in distant Scotland Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer and for the occasion spokesman of the Cabinet, reaffirmed in an eagerly awaited speech Mr. Chamberlain's declaration of March 24, making it clear that there is "no limit to the reactions of war," and that, though Britain would give no guarantee to go automatically to the aid of Czechoslovakia if she were attacked, "the inexorable pressure of facts" might immediately involve other Powers. This speech had, to a certain extent, a steadying influence, but the subsequent recall to London for consultation of Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador in Berlin, and the summoning of "available" Cabinet Ministers for a meeting in Downing Street were major indications of the anxiety felt by the British Government in an international situation of extreme delicacy

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PUTTING BACK THE RAILWAY CLOCK: Passengers in period costume walking past the ancient locomotive before leaving King's Cross on last week's excursion to Cambridge and back in a train made up of the coaches and engine of the Flying Scotsman of 1888. Many railway enthusiasts joined the party and in the carriages eager groups were busy comparing the old train's performance with that of the modern streamliners. The Flying Scotsman of 1888 took part in many a fast run to Edinburgh, fighting off repeated attacks on its own record

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, August 31, 1938.

TO BAN BOMBING.—

A newspaper announced on August 23 that Hitler is working to conclude a four-power pact (Britain, France, Germany, Italy) once more to ban the bombing of open towns from the air. If the announcement is premature, it is inconceivable that it will not come soon. If the four powers mentioned do conclude a solemn pact to this effect, it is clear that all other countries that matter will soon follow suit. There is not a single nation which can claim that such a pact would operate more advantageously for its neighbour than for itself. In this mass-madness every nation is equally menaced. The nightmare hangs over all without differentiation. It is, or may be, another thing with a submarine pact, but aerial bombardment enslaves and tortures all civilisation. The statesman who initiates this pact will redeem his name for sanity and leave it to be blessed by the living generations of mankind and by posterity. There should be a race in friendly rivalry among these leaders to achieve this blessing. Think what it would mean at once. Think of the terrors removed, the millions of money saved, the unutterable relief. To-night at least I shall go to sleep praying that the report be true—that Hitler has sounded Balbo and Vuillemin and will soon sound a British pundit, and that all will receive the proposal with open arms, and that soon this unspeakable madness will be only a dreadful memory. A memory which will fade . . . for, once the pact is renewed, that power which treats it as a scrap of paper will surely then be the pariah of civilisation and be bludgeoned to death. The difficulties in the way of securing a general agreement to such a convention appear enormous, but are surely not insuperable in the face of the need of it. It is certain that whole acres of the greater cities in all these countries could now by common agreement be sterilised, even if the right to bombard the centres of government and arsenals in such cities were reserved. The first convention could be shaped and mapped by neutral observers. It would be an immense step forward if even a quarter of every great city were sterilised from the terror and available for the civilian population and for hospitals. And the convention might well lead to other preliminary pacts governing the location of arsenals and war factories in the area of great cities. Any pact effecting any degree of limitation of this common terror and horror would change the face of Europe in an hour.

NEW MASTER CUTLER: Mr. A. J. Grant, Managing Director of Thomas Firth and John Brown, Ltd., seen with his wife in the garden of their Sheffield home after the news of his election was made known. He is a former President of the British Iron and Steel Federation and represented Britain at the Ottawa Conference

GLENFINNAN.—

Inches of rain fell in Scotland over last week-end, and, needless to say, Glenfinnan had its share. Here gathered certain notables for a ceremony. Sir Walter Blount handed over to the Duke of Atholl, representing the National Trust, the monument erected 123 years ago by MacDonald of Glenaladale on the site whereon Prince Charlie's banner was raised 193 years ago by an ancestor of the Duke of Atholl. It was a most melancholy ceremony 193 years ago and it was a melancholy ceremony last week. Everyone concerned seemed to feel that sadness was the appropriate note. Sir Iain Colquhoun looked ready to cry while he was speaking; so did the Duke of Atholl; and Sir Walter, the donor, kept up the Walrus-Carpenter atmosphere. And, truth to say, the National Trust owns no sadder property than this. Surroundings, site and significance, all are melancholy. The cause, lost before it was well found, wasted so much of fierce courage, fine loyalty, misplaced patriotism, high hopes and great endeavour. There remain to-day a few cranks who would thoughtlessly raise a banner in the rain to some such lost cause again, nothing recking of the waste and misery it would entail. For in the human heart there is always a niche for lost causes. We call it the human appetite for romance, and nothing in British history is more "romantic" than the '45 rebellion. But it is time which invests it with rose colour. It had its full share of greed, shrewd calculation, and sordid motives, and was dignified by the courage and loyalty of simple souls, pawns in the game of schemers.

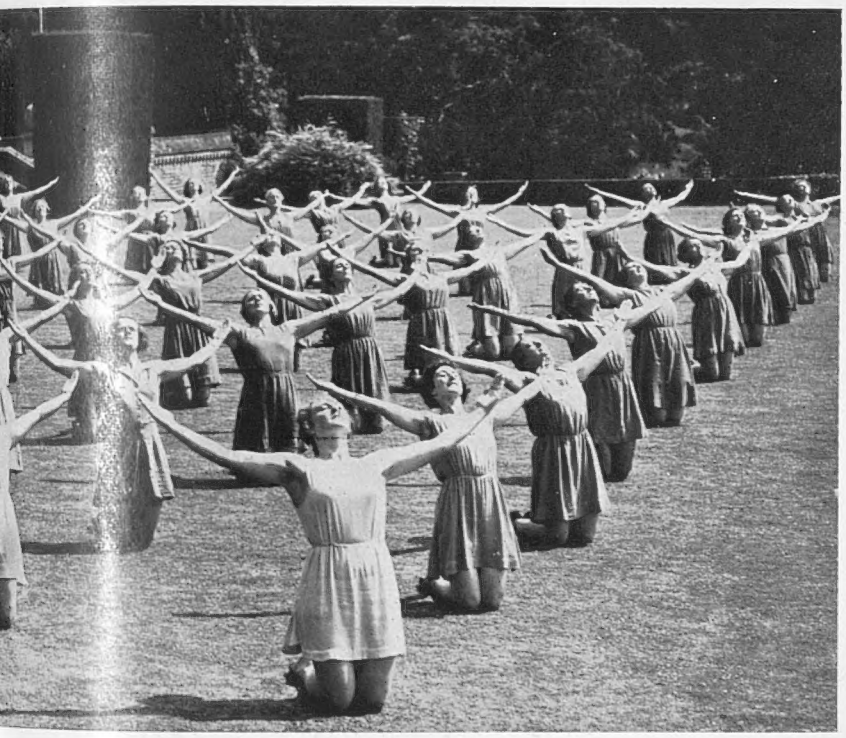
THE ENDLESS ADVENTURE.

—If one wicket fall in one day, in how many days will forty wickets fall? When I was at school that was quite a legitimate mathematical problem to set and, whether I got the answer right or wrong, I never questioned that the method of arriving at the truth was flawless. (I often got the answer wrong, and when the problem was dressed in terms of wall-paper I always knew that if my answer came to more than £20 I was attempting, not to paper the walls, but to fill the room with paper.) Now the right answer to my cricket problem is forty days, according to the mathematicians, which only shows that no science is without flaw and that mathematicians know nothing of life and less of cricket. The mathematicians would have sworn after the first day of the final Test that the match would finish early in October. What they didn't realise is that all batsmen are not of equal merit, that even an Oval "starch-front" breaks at last; that cricket (like mathematics) is not an exact science and that time and chance and human error and frailty enter into all the doings of men. The match finished before the pheasant shooting began, for at the end of three full days play England wearied of batting and put Australia in. The match broke several records and had its periods of boredom punctuated by many hours of thrill. The Ashes remain in Australia and it will be the devil of a time before we see Australians playing cricket in England again. Their keenness in the field will remain a delightful memory. It was very fully tested at the Oval. Among the records and shin-bones broken during the match were the following: 1. Fleetwood-Smith's bowling analysis during a seven-wicket innings was one for 300. 2. Bradman's tibia fracture: This is the first time an Australian captain has broken a tibia during the first innings of an Oval Test match. There were other records made and broken, but I forget them. Shall we ever see another timeless Test? I hope not. But the public loved it.

KEEP FIT GIRLS GET TOGETHER: A class of pupils exercising at St. Alban's Court, Nonnington, Kent, the new headquarters of the English Gymnastic Society. Girls from many parts of Europe have been mustering there

"Empire stops work while Hutton does it." And there is reason to believe that the dictators were impressed and even alarmed at the staying power of the British Empire.

OFFICERS' EMERGENCY RESERVE.—The Officers' Emergency Reserve will fill an important gap which at present exists in the registration of the nation's reserves of experience and will-to-serve in war time. Under the scheme men between thirty-one and fifty-five possessing technical, academic, or special qualifications are invited to apply to the War Office for a form which will invite completion as regards experience and qualifications and all relevant details, and will be returned with an undertaking by the signatories to present themselves for military service in an emergency. If the scheme is properly worked out, each such signatory will have been registered in the sphere of usefulness for which his details and expressed opinion seem best to qualify him, and he will at least have a place to report to, and will belong to a category of service at the moment the trouble begins. "Military service" does not imply handling bombs or rifles or Bren guns, or even driving lorries. The Reserve is principally of specialists, and will find recruits for many important jobs "behind the lines" requiring professional qualifications. Thus, engineers of all kinds, architects, actuaries, barristers, solicitors, chemists, dentists, even journalists and J.P.s, are specially sought for. These are among the professional classes and specialists whose registration and preliminary allocation are most needed until national registration comes about. The doctors, I believe, are already registered and allocated for emergency. I have sent for my form. I am still within the age limits by a year or two, and finding that I was a "wanted" man by virtue of being a journalist, a barrister and a J.P., I await its arrival with hope. I was dashed in my enthusiasm when I endeavoured to "join up" in that earlier tentative effort to make a reserve of officers. I was told to go to the Devil. I was told to apply to my Territorial unit, which told me to wait and see. Now hope raises its head again. It does seem to me that the War Office, under the energetic Mr. Belisha, might see some point at least in registering the address and qualifications of a vigorous man of fifty who had four years' war service in France, and has done twenty years (value) in the Territorial Force, ten years (value) as a special constable, is ready to drive a car, or write propaganda, or otherwise give his legal or literary experience, or do manual labour of the most primitive kind in time of emergency. But I daresay my hopes will be dashed. I daresay I shall get another cold douche from the War Office. Perhaps this Reserve is only another Press rumour.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—Certain remarks which I made during the summer concerning the doldrums and often not less unjustifiable surges of optimism which characterise Wall Street led several gentlemen on the Stock Exchanges of England, or otherwise in business, to send me with very fair and courteous covering letters copies of a recent speech by the chairman of the London Stock Exchange Committee in which he set forth in simple language the functions of jobbers and brokers. His aim was to show that the very nature of their functions precludes the possibility of (a) Jobbers arbitrarily putting up or down the prices of counters in which they specialise; (b) or of the Stock Exchange being anything more than a delicate instrument recording faithfully the impulses of the public which invests or speculates. The law of supply and demand in stock buying and selling operates as faithfully as in any other market. Having myself been connected with the Stock Exchange, I cannot allow that in anything I have written about it I have displayed the proverbial ignorance of the public concerning its composition and functions. What I have said (and stick to) is that a stock market at certain junctures suffers from the presence of a factor which is not so strongly prevalent in markets dealing in most commodities. A housewife goes to market knowing what she wants to buy. She may have been swayed by advertisement of this or that but when she comes to the counter she usually knows what it is she wants and will judge for herself whether the article displayed is good of its kind. When it is a question of buying (or selling) stock, the client is seldom in such a mind. He comes to his broker not solely to buy but to receive advice on buying. The average Stock Exchange firm is in evil case if the bulk of its business is with private clients. The business of such a firm is precarious unless it is an accredited buying and selling agent of some big bank, insurance company or group of trust companies. But nevertheless it has its private clients and it accepts the responsibility of advising those clients. Now my contention has always been that a stockbroker in times of political or economic crisis is not well placed to form a cool judgment. I say, "he cannot see the wood for the trees"; that he lives too much in a world of gossip, rumour, exaggeration, panic. In times of depression he is idle, and idleness feeds on gossip and lends itself to rumour-mongering. Ergo, at a time when cool and detached thinking and a calm reading of history is most needed, the stockbroker is least fitted of all men for the task he has assumed in addition to his normal function of carrying out, via the jobber, the instructions of his client to buy or sell. He presumes to advise him what to buy and what to sell (at the invitation, no doubt, of the client) and because just then the broker is living in a feverish world of rumour and gossip and panic, he is in no posture to give calm and reasoned advice. Hence my contention that at such times the last man from whom to seek advice on investment is the broker.

BRITAIN'S BRADMAN: Leonard Hutton, the young Yorkshire batsman, whose marathon score of 364 in the last Test match at the Oval places him at one bound among the cricketing immortals. In common with his mentor, Herbert Sutcliffe, he comes from Pudsey, and, like him too, he will doubtless open many an England innings. Hutton's play is not spectacular, but his natural stroke production allied to perfect concentration provide a heart-breaking task for the bowler

THE FÊTE.—At this time of year (and especially in Scotland) the admirable pictorial dailies are filled with snapshots of Scottish notables attending local fêtes in aid of a variety of good causes. The remotest village in the least accessible wilds in the Highlands thinks nothing of raising £100 towards some pressing need by the aid of the very humblest and most primitive attractions and by the sale of the least promising assortment of jumble. It is the miracle of turning the sow's ear into a silk purse. An observant foreigner visiting this island might with truth declare his discoveries in these epigrams:—"In Britain money needed for really vital matters is left to chance and charity. The taxpayer finds the money for what he does not want." And:—"In this great democracy whose slogan is freedom, the people's local representatives have no say whatever in how the taxpayers' money shall be spent on local needs. The democracy is a dictatorial and centralised bureaucracy and the only freedom is of speech." These are rather more than half-truths, but I won't at this time examine them closely. The fêtes are very effective. I noticed seven of them featured in one issue of a local paper in a small area round Inverness in one day and each reaped a golden harvest for a vital need. Charity is in the air in the Highlands in August and September, and the principle and practice of taking in each other's washing (or white elephants or cast-offs) adequately supports all social services. The same day I visited at the back of beyond, at the end of a bag's end road of many miles, the lovely garden of Strathconan. This jewel is tucked in a fold of the great deer forests of Strathconan and Monar. It is fenced in with the "heads" of some 800 of Captain Combe's great stags shot in the past 30 years and it boasts a garden of which even Scotland may be proud and a golf course which would make the mouth of an American millionaire water. Yet I was surprised on arrival to find there an array of cars that suggested a main car park at Ascot.

THE OLD STAGER.

GERMANY: *Horthy Sees Hitler's Army*

BERLIN DOES HONOUR TO A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: The scene as Chancellor Hitler and Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, arrived by car on the Charlottenburger Chaussee for the big military review on August 25, when infantry, cavalry, artillery, tanks, and other mechanised units gave an impressive display of massed might, surpassing, it is said, any review held in Germany since the great war. Several entirely new types of weapon were on view during the day, including a field gun of an estimated calibre of 10 ins.—a veritable giant of its kind

THE WHIPPETS GO BY: Some of the 300 tanks that took part in the parade seen passing the tribune from which Chancellor Hitler and Admiral Horthy watched them at last week's big review. During his stay in Germany the Hungarian Regent was received with every show of cordiality by the Nazi leaders as befitting the fact that he is the first head of a foreign state to visit the Reich officially since the establishment of the present regime

THE MANŒUVRES IN POMERANIA: Men of Germany's 2nd Army Corps manning heavy howitzers on the outskirts of a wood during the large-scale exercises which have been going on for over a fortnight in this and other parts of the Reich, a total of over 1,000,000 men being under arms. The big guns Germany is now using are proving quite a revelation to foreign military attachés watching the exercises, and it is reckoned that her new 10-in. field gun—the largest size ever to have been mounted on a mobile carriage—has a range of thirty miles or more

CZECHOSLOVAKIA:

THE CLENCHED FIST IN SUDETENLAND: A complica Nazi left-wing element, members of which are seen Czechoslovakia, where they have been active in denounc demands. This leftist element has been violently casti cities, while the Sudeten (Nazi) leaders have actually told self-defence in all cases where they are attacked." The

THE SUDETEN GERMAN SPOKESMAN: Herr Kundt (right) and his colleagues pictured outside their hotel at Reichenberg, Czechoslovakia, after a meeting with Lord Runciman, Britain's unofficial mediator in the German minority dispute. Lord Runciman has made it his business to learn every shade of opinion

Left Wing Opposition

tion to the Czech situation is found in the republic's anti- here at a recent public meeting in Bohmisch-Kamnitz, ing "the extravagant extent" of the German minority's gated by the Berlin press, being accused of all sorts of atro- their followers that they are "free to exercise their right of bare-armed demonstrators shown here are very youthful

IN SPORT, NO MAGINOT LINE: Fraulein Schmitz (right) being congratulated by Fraulein Halbaguth after winning the 400-metres free-style race in the France versus Germany swimming contest in Paris. The event passed off with much success, and the Paris press commented on the friendly spirit of the two teams

ENGLAND: *Events that Missed the Headlines*

FOSTERING CRAFTSMANSHIP: Mr. W. Boden, of Harlington Dale, at work on his set piece during the second annual competition held by the Peak and West Derby Dry Stone Walling Association at Back O'th Hill Farm, near Buxton. *Below*—A general view of the contest in progress. Each entrant had to build a section of wall, and marks were awarded for speed and accuracy in construction. Dry stone walling is in many parts of the country a rapidly dying art, and it is good to know that in the Midlands, at any rate, labourers are being encouraged in this fashion

THE LEAP THAT FAILED: Mossman, the American speedway rider and trick motor cyclist, being hauled out of the water after his unsuccessful but daring attempt to jump on his motor cycle the width of the River Lea at Rye House, Hertfordshire. A special 60 ft. runway was constructed for the occasion, but Mossman could not gather sufficient speed in that distance to cross the 60 ft. of water and fell short of the far bank. He was quite unhurt

FIGHTING TO SAVE THEIR BOATS: Chinese watermen stripped to the waist as they attempted to put out one of the many fires on the foreshore caused by incendiary bombs during a recent air raid on Hankow, the famous treaty port against which the Japanese are now advancing and which they are eager to capture before winter sets in

SEARCHING AMID THE DEBRIS for victims of a raid. Hankow lies 700 miles from the mouth of the Yangtse and, together with neighbouring Hanyang and Wuchang, constitutes a centre of vast commercial and strategic importance. They are usually known collectively as the Wuhan cities. For weeks all roads out of these cities have been crowded with refugees fleeing by car, rickshaw, donkey and on foot. Others have left by junk and steamer for the greater security of the west. It is estimated that out of a Chinese population of 1,500,000, half have already been evacuated. Hankow has for some time past been the headquarters of China's War Council

THE Sino-Japanese war in some ways parallels the Spanish conflict; for just as Spain's insurgents all but triumphed in the opening months of the campaign and then went to ground before the stiffening defences of Madrid, so did the Japanese initially advance sweepingly into China only to find their path blocked on the Yangtse when Chiang Kai-shek recently rallied 800,000 men to the defence of Hankow.

There the parallel may end, for few expert observers of the situation think that Hankow, which is being repeatedly attacked from the air, will hold out in the same manner as Madrid, but to capture it will undoubtedly cost the invader dear.

For the time being Hankow is virtually isolated from the rest of China, as the railway has been severed by continuous bombing, and the last of the air services has now been suspended. Of the 1,500,000 Chinese who

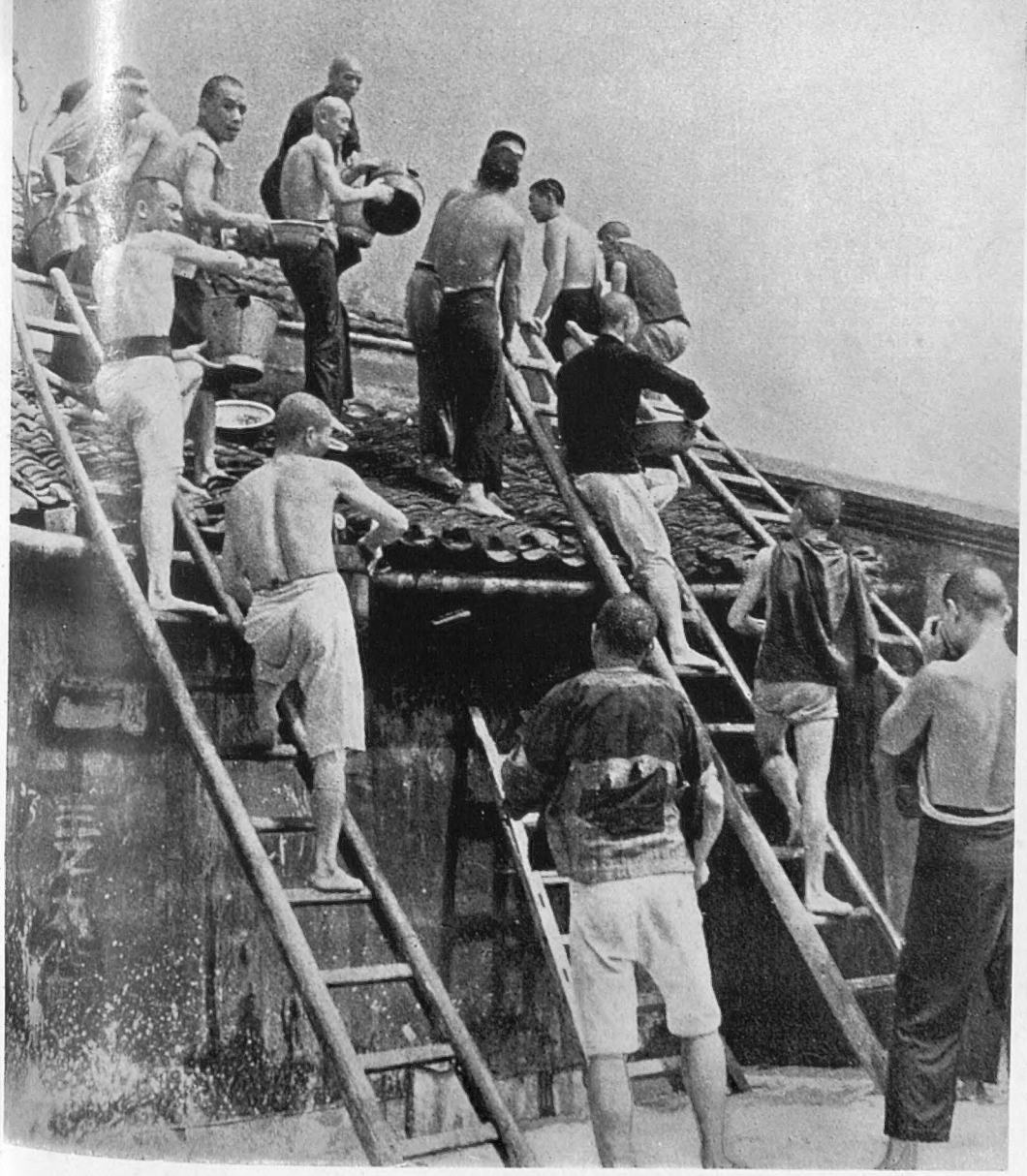
(Continued on right)

On right—A HUMAN CHAIN: Buckets and basins being passed from hand to hand during an attempt to fight fires started by a rain of Japanese incendiary bombs

A JAPANESE AIR RAID ON HANKOW

Incendiary Bombs Play a Big Part in an Attack on the Yangtse Treaty Port

A HOPELESS TASK: Pouring water on the smouldering remains of craft on the Yangtse foreshore after a Japanese air raid on Hankow. The city has been bombed on several occasions during the past few weeks, evidently with the sole object of demoralising the inhabitants, for no attempt was made to destroy military objectives. In the raid on July 19 it was estimated that 400 people were killed and 1,100 wounded



CHARRED TIMBERS lying in a Hankow street following a raid in which incendiary bombs were used. The Japanese prefer this type of projectile to the high explosive bomb, as Chinese dwellings contain much wood, and therefore burn easily

MAKING A DASH FOR COVER: This picture was taken in the streets of Hankow just as the sirens went, giving warning to citizens that another Japanese raid was on the way

inhabit the three neighbour cities of Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang, half have already been evacuated, and those that are left are busily getting the city ready for the supreme test of its defences.

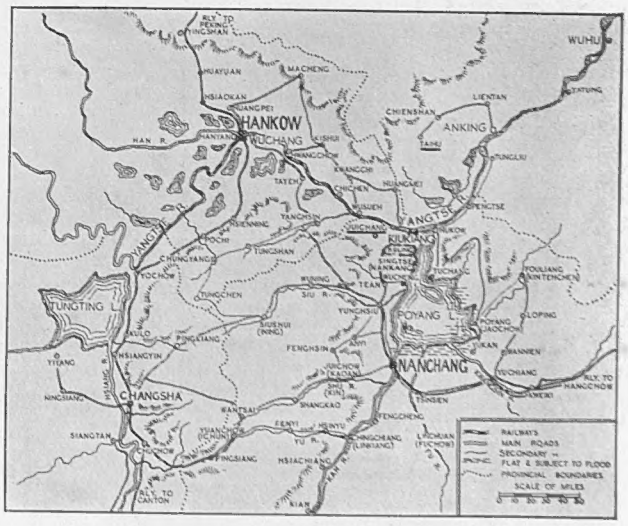
On August 28 it was reported that the Japanese were mustering their full strength for big tactical movements on the Suchow scale in the hope of capturing Hankow before winter sets in, but it was also stated on the same day (from a Chinese source) that the Japanese had met with reverses west of Juichang and at Taihu, 16 miles west of the big base at Anking. The latter engagement made it necessary for a large body of troops to fall back some distance, thus disrupting the general advance on Hankow.

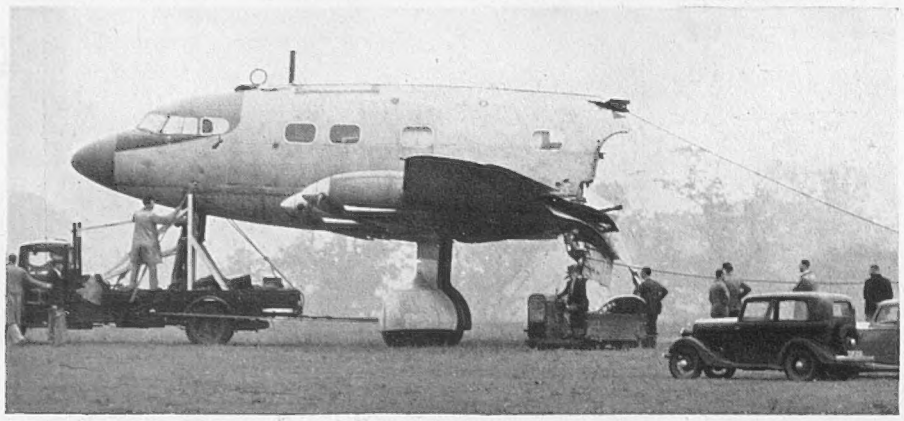
Another region of activity is round the Poyang Lake, along both sides of which the Japanese are advancing towards Nanchang, the important capital city of Kiangsi province.

Nanchang is on the banks of the principal river of the province—the Kan River—and is some 10, 20, or 30 miles from the south end of the lake according to the state of the water level. Those advancing along the west side of the lake towards Nanchang will have what use the Chinese leave them of the Kiukiang–Nanchang railway, while some support may be expected from the small Japanese war vessels, as the channels on this side of the lake are deeper.

The line of attack down the east side of the lake is at present in the vicinity of Tuchang.

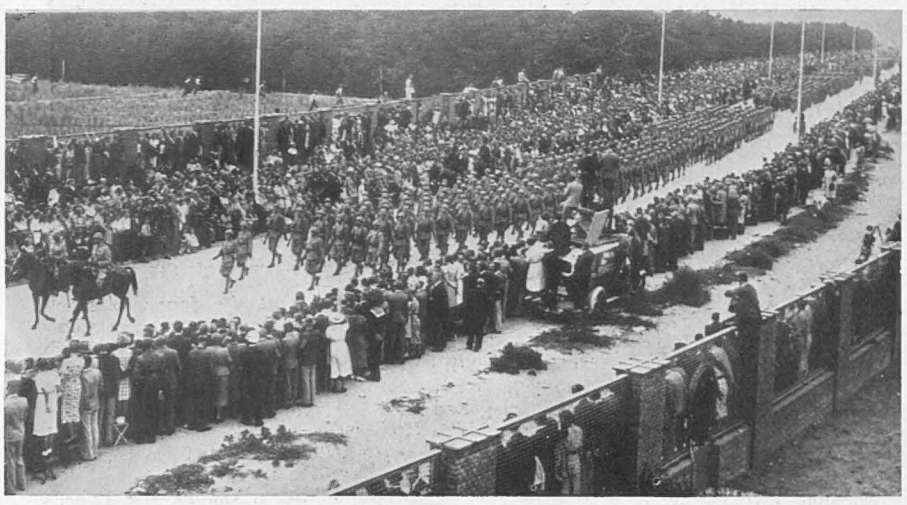
Below—THE YANGTSE WAR ZONE: A map showing the positions of Hankow and Nanchang, the two cities upon which Japan is now concentrating. Juichang and Taihu (underlined on map) were reported recaptured from the invaders this week





AIR LINER'S BACK BROKEN: Men engaged in removing the forepart of the fuselage of the giant *Albatross* mail-carrier after the plane had broken in two while taxi-ing across the aerodrome at Hatfield. The *Albatross* was engaged in a series of tests with a 3,000 lb. overload, but at the moment of fracture she was only travelling at 5 m.p.h., so that Mr. G. R. de Havilland, the chief test pilot, and his three companions escaped quite unhurt

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE: When this German freight plane, carrying mails and general cargo from Berlin, hit a fence while landing at Croydon the crew were unhurt and the machine itself escaped any serious damage. The unlucky landing was made in a dense mist



FORTY GLORIOUS YEARS: Dutch infantry passing through The Hague during the big review with which Holland opened the festivities in connection with the 40th anniversary of Queen Wilhelmina's accession to the Dutch throne. The actual anniversary day will be September 6

From "The Graphic," 1898

"I SWEAR TO THE NETHERLANDS PEOPLE THAT I WILL ALWAYS GUARD AND MAINTAIN THE CONSTITUTION": It was with these words that the young Queen Wilhelmina, in the presence of her mother, Queen Emma, took the oath in the New Church in Amsterdam on September 6, 1898, when she succeeded to the Dutch throne

Queen Wilhelmina's Forty Years on the Throne

Holland is now celebrating with due fervour the fortieth anniversary of the accession of Queen Wilhelmina, who succeeded her father, King William III, on November 23, 1890, and, on coming of age in 1898, was enthroned in the New Church in Amsterdam, thus beginning a reign that has been one of peace alike in the Netherlands and the Colonies. The Queen, in making her first speech from the throne, was an impressive figure and, in the light of all that has passed, it is interesting to recall her words on that occasion: "*On this day I draw more closely the solemn tie existing between myself and my people. The very ancient union between the Netherlands and Orange is confirmed. Beautiful is my vocation and beautiful my task. I am happy and grateful to be able to govern the Netherlands people, a nation small in respect of numbers of inhabitants, but great in virtue of its strength and character. . . . Orange can never, yea, never, do enough for the Netherlands. I need your support and co-operation, and I am convinced that you will lend me these in order that we may be able to work together for the honour and prosperity of the Netherlands people.*"

HUNGARY MAKES PEACE WITH THE LITTLE ENTENTE

A Great Step Forward Towards the Appeasement and Consolidation of South-Eastern Europe

THE agreement arrived at between Hungary and the Little Entente states—Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia—at Bled, on August 23, following within three weeks the similar agreement signed at Salonika between Bulgaria and the Balkan Pact states—Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece and Turkey—constitutes a great step towards the appeasement and consolidation of central and south-eastern Europe.

The terms are that the Little Entente recognises Hungarian military equality, which means in fact Hungary's right to re-arm; while at the same time all the signatories agree to renounce force in the settlement of disputes between them. Thus actually Hungary obtains a revision of the military clauses of the Treaty of Trianon, and the Little Entente states obtain what are virtually non-aggression pacts with Hungary.

The principal moral asset is that here is yet another example of treaty revision by negotiation. The two other outstanding examples were the revision in the case of Turkey of treaty disabilities in regard to the Dardanelles, and the revision in the case of Bulgaria of the military clauses of the Treaty of Neuilly. On the practical side the agreement should bring a new feeling of security in a part of Europe which is particularly sensitive to developments in the wider European fields.

The agreement initiated at Bled is to be followed, after further negotiation, by agreements to be signed by Hungary with each member of the Little Entente. These agreements will include arrangements for the future treatment of Hungarian minorities in the Little Entente states. Obviously these cannot be concluded until the negotiations going on within Czechoslovakia concerning the new Nationalities Statute have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

By C. F. MELVILLE

It may be said, nevertheless, that the agreement of Bled, by removing Czech fears of a Hungarian aggression in the event of a German attack upon Czechoslovakia, will make it easier for Czechoslovakia, which is already a model state as regards treatment of minorities, to grant additional concessions to her Hungarian minority.

Perhaps the most significant thing of all is the dramatic circumstances in which the Bled agreement was reached. For it was initialled at the very moment when Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, was being accorded almost Royal honours by Herr Hitler in Kiel and Berlin.

With the German annexation of Austria the whole scene in Danubian Europe was radically altered over-night. Germany arrived on the frontiers of Italy, Hungary and Yugoslavia. The last vestige of hope of a Habsburg restoration, either in Vienna or Budapest, disappeared. At the same time Italy's leadership of the Upper Danube, by means of the Italo-Austro-Hungarian bloc established by the Rome Protocol, came to an end. Germany became the sole dominant factor. This created a new situation for the Little Entente. It removed their fears both of Habsburgism and of Italian domination, but it created the greater and even more urgent fear of a new German mastery of Danubian and Balkan Europe.

It seemed, under these circumstances, a foregone conclusion that externally Hungary would become a vassal state of Germany, to be used in furtherance of Germany's plans for a new *Drang nach Osten*, and that internally, with the encouragement thus afforded to her own Nazis, she would become a Nazi state, a sort of Magyar imitation of Nazi Germany.

All Hungarians have been impressed by the growing might of Greater Germany. And there is not a Hungarian who does not dream of Hungary one day recovering her lost territories. Many of them, and more especially the Nazis, have been led to believe that this dream could be realised, mainly at the expense of Czechoslovakia, by German military help, in return for Hungary throwing in her lot with Germany. When, therefore, Admiral Horthy set out on his state visit to Herr Hitler, it seemed inevitable that some secret German-Hungarian pact would be made in which, in return for German backing of Hungarian territorial revisionist claims, Hungary would consent to become the political and military handmaiden of Berlin.

The coincidence of the Bled agreement with the Horthy-Hitler meeting has shown that those who believed in these extreme courses were under-rating the traditional Hungarian attachment to independence. Hungary, it is true, will, in any case, have much sympathy for Germany, and in many respects will inevitably pursue a foreign policy in line with Germany. At the same time it is clear, in virtue both of the fact and the timing of the Bled agreement, that Hungary is by no means prepared to have her freedom of action completely circumscribed by considerations of German interests. Some of her more cool-headed political leaders probably realise also that in the uncertainties of the European situation a hard and fast agreement between Berlin and Budapest might not, perhaps, be to the advantage of the latter. Furthermore, having arrived at this friendly agreement with her Danubian neighbours, Hungary is in a stronger position in negotiating agreements with Germany.

This does not mean that Hungary has formally renounced her revisionist claims. But as in the case of Bulgaria, she renounces the use of force, which amounts to an understanding that she will not attempt territorial revision by means of war. The question of territorial revision is not mentioned in the agreement with the Little Entente. Both sides wisely leave it alone.

The Bled agreement has consequently been accorded a warm welcome by all moderate circles of opinion in Hungary. The Hungarian Nazis, of course, do not like it. For it rather cuts the ground from under their feet, and lessens the attraction of their programme of radical solutions. The agreement should be of considerable help to M. Imredy, the able Hungarian Prime Minister, who, in spite of considerable pressure, both from within and without, is endeavouring to steer a moderate and middle course, and is trying, not without success, to stem the tide of Hungarian Nazism.

Great credit should be given to M. Imredy and also to the leaders of the Little Entente states. More especially should it be recognised how much these movements for reconciliation between one-time enemies in Danubian and Balkan Europe are due to the courage and patience of M. Stoyadinovitch.

Italy is seeking to claim this credit for herself, but she has now little or no influence upon Danubian Europe and the Balkans. The new initiatives owe nothing to Rome. They spring from a new sense of local unity and local community of interests.

BUILDING A DAM ACROSS HAWESWATER: *A Westmorland Valley to Become Manchester's Reservoir*

A BIG WALL RISING IN THE WILDS OF WESTMORLAND: This dam is being built across the Haweswater valley of the Lake District and when completed will create behind it a vast reservoir which will provide distant Manchester with additional water supplies. The church at Mardale, a village hostelry, and several other buildings have been demolished and eventually the sites they covered will be submerged. The dam will be approximately 1,550 ft. long, 126 ft. high, and 112 ft. in width, and will be able to stand up to many times the strain likely to be imposed upon it. The work has now been going on for over two years

A RAMPART AGAINST THE NORTH SEA: The concrete foundations of the new wall which is being built along the front at Kessingland, Suffolk, where erosion has done much damage of recent winters. Although the Government does not regard it as a national charge, it has contributed 50 per cent. towards the cost of the work

Kessingland's New Sea Defences

A Power Station Built in Ecclesiastical Style

ARCHITECTURAL HARMONY: At first glance one would think that the building in the foreground is part of Streatham's Church of the English Martyrs. Actually, it is an electricity sub-station and has been built to conform with the ecclesiastical architecture. Only the notice on the door gives the show away

CUTTING THROUGH THE 200 FT. CLIFFS NEAR MAESTRICHT: A section of Belgium's Albert Canal, which is now nearly completed and is one of the biggest works of its kind ever attempted in Europe. It will carry vessels of 2,000 tons, and will provide an effective link between Belgium's eastern industrial provinces and the port of Antwerp on the River Schelde. At Maestricht it goes very close to the Dutch border

EUROPE GROWS CANAL-CONSCIOUS

Belgium and Germany Give the Lead in Constructing Great Inland Waterways

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THIS is from Spa, for four centuries the accepted pioneer queen of watering places, and for the past four days the hub of the Belgian army manœuvres, whose scheme—as it is becoming the delicate fashion to point out—was evolved with no particular foreign country in mind. All I know is that the invading Reds knocked the Whites back through Spa, which is only ten miles from the frontier of a certain foreign power, and that the hall-porter insisted this result had been pre-arranged in order to impress Belgian tax-payers with the necessity for further defence outlay.

Through the roar of mechanised transport there one evening threaded a succession of official cars, but holding civilians. "*Monsieur le Ministre Britannique*," volunteered the same hotel source. "*Grand banquet*."

Naturally enough, Mr. Hore-Belisha immediately came to mind. Yet a glance in the direction of the chief car revealed the Minister of Transport. And what might he be doing in these latitudes? Did his heart need the cure? Or could he be after the other Leslie's job?

A second glance—at the late night *Meuse*—explained matters. Mr. the Britannic Minister had been inspecting the almost finished Albert Canal, having its inland terminus at hard-by Liége. Which information happened to be okay by me, as only two days previously I had visited one or two of the high spots of this gigantic work which is altering the geographical, economic and strategical story of Belgium, and may yet be not without bearing on the political, as between Fleming and Walloon.

To be in the vogue let us say pithily that canals are news; that Europe is becoming canal-conscious. Or, in plain English, that such canal planning is currently afoot on the Continent as never before was dreamt of, some of it of almost Martian conception. Thousands of miles of river and inland waterways are involved, traversing many lands and implying enormous labour and the expenditure of tens of millions of pounds.

What share we may take in the way of recasting our rather haphazard system is at this stage up to Mr. Burgin, who must have learnt a deal from the Canal Albert. It behoves to remember that if canals are sleepy things of (occasional) beauty, they also can constitute a country's cheapest, easiest, and maybe safest means of transport for all kinds of heavy goods in bulk, coal, wood, iron, fuel, cereals, cement. In the United Kingdom their improvement would also diminish heavy lorry traffic.

The Canal Albert, linking Liége to Antwerp, Belgium's industrial metropolis to her chief port, is that country's greatest undertaking and has been building nearly nine years. The new 74-miles-long waterway will be opened next May, when an ambitious Water Exhibition at Liége will mark the event. Yet this will only be possible by maintaining day and night shifts involving tens of thousands of men, recent accidents, including the ominous collapse of a bridge under pressure of the water, having retarded construction.

When the late King Albert started operations, May, 1930, he laid stress on the duality of purpose of the canal named after him. It would much enrich the nation by turning Liége into a great inland port, capable, in particular, of drawing its fuel direct and in a day or two from the new Campine mining area round Antwerp at a time when, precisely, Liége's own long-famed mining yield was becoming exhausted. It would also act as a splendid first line of defence facing the low-lying, vulnerable frontier of Limburg.

A GALA DAY: The scene at Lanaeken in 1934 when the King of the Belgians inaugurated a section of the Albert Canal. The whole work will be finally completed next May

The canal has been anonymously built: no de Lesseps. If you ask about that, you are told that Government engineers first had the idea back in 1910. If any individual can be singled out, it is probably M. Lambermont who presides over a G.H.Q. at Liége, to which is instantly signalled the slightest incident along the way to Antwerp—and it is difficult for the casual visitor to appreciate what emotions can arise during the cutting of a canal of such dimensions as this. Terrible catastrophes might supervene with such vast volume of water being schooled for the first time through artificial courses. In point of fact, the feasibility of the giant work was challenged by some of the best engineering and geological brains in the country, so that its realisation became something of a challenge royal accepted.

THE ALBERT CANAL AT LANAYE where it passes through one of the many deep cuts that punctuate its course from the inland docks at Liége to the sea. The work of excavation on these sections has naturally been immensely costly

The canal has changed the face of the countryside. It is really an adaptation of the River Meuse and of a preceding canal, with astonishing new lengths of water grafted on, so that the journey from Liége to Antwerp will now take two days instead of twelve, and vessels up to 2,000 tons will be able to negotiate the distance, instead of a heretofore maximum of 600 tons. Each hour 4,000 tons of merchandise could be maintained on the move, this being rendered possible by the extraordinarily few number of locks—only six, and all in the Antwerp section—and by their type. The biggest will take only 7 mins. to empty, while all are of triple passage-way in case of blockage.

There are seventy bridges, and the cost over all will be £12,000,000. But remember that, population taken into account, this would equal £70,000,000 with ourselves.

The magnitude of the work may be gauged from the fact that henceforward Liége, over 100 miles inland, any way you look at it, will have 20 miles of wharfs! Where the canal begins here, with the great dam of Monsin Island (in the middle of the Meuse), a veritable harbour has been created. On Monsin there will be lit next May an eternal guiding light—to Albert.

I went along the first few miles as far as Maestricht, yet they happen to be the most adventurous mileage. The canal varies in width from 50 yards to 80 yards, and in depth from 20 ft. to 35 ft. It is not unpleasantly "tiled" (as the layman might say), now in blue stone, now in rose. But parts of it are pretty forbidding—as when one proceeds through the mile-long cutting of Caster, with sheer 200 ft. high cliffs closing one in. This cutting had to be dynamited, every inch of it. But it was imperative, as hereabouts the new canal will obviate the hitherto necessity of having had to go over briefly into Dutch territory. The Belgians say the Dutch of Maestricht would deliberately hold up scores of (Belgian) barges. Anyway, that source of neighbourly friction should in future be absent!

The canal here avoids Holland by an eyelash, and it is in this sector that the Belgian defence system culminates in the half-hidden fortress of Eben-Emael. You are not allowed to go around with cameras; in fact, it is better not to go around at all, unless you would risk several hours of detention, as many tourists have found. It should never again be possible to overrun Belgium, or anything like it. Redoubts, casemates, bridgeheads, are continuous and already regularly manned. For much of its course, the canal marks practically the frontier.

Two high spots I did not get to: the Eygenbilsen cutting, and the new port of Genck. A forest of 200,000 trees had to be removed to render the first possible, together with the draining of a saturated subsoil which, nearly all thought, would botch the whole immense project. But the canal could pass nowhere else. So Eygenbilsen for long and anxious months became the hit or miss of the entire job. In the end the drainage was so well done that no more water remained in the local peasants' wells, with the result that a special system has had to be laid on!

Regarding Genck, it gives a preview of what the canal is going to do in the way of transforming life along its banks. Some years ago Genck was a quiet townlet of 2,000 peasantry "still living much as Breughel portrayed them," as a Belgian friend remarked. Well, such of these as stood topographically in the way had to be bought out—and how they held out—and, lo, Genck is to-day a mining centre and port counting 25,000 inhabitants, of whom one third are Poles, Russians, Czechs. The local Limburgers refuse to go down the mine, nor would Belgium's expert miners from the Borinage come over. So it had to be largely foreigners.

(*Continued on page 392*)

From EAST *and* WEST

THE PLIGHT OF AUSTRIAN JEWRY: A Swiss Customs officer examining the haversack of one of the many Jewish refugees who, since the Nazi annexation of the Oestmark, have been pouring into Switzerland. At first these refugees were sent back to the Reich, but now they are being established in camps by Jewish organisations which have accepted full responsibility for their maintenance

WHERE SEMITE FIGHTS SEMITE: An arrested Arab about to leave in a Black Maria to appear before the military court in Haifa and answer charges of terrorist activity. Since June the Arabs in Palestine have reverted to their old tactics and, while now avoiding clashes with British troops, have again been applying the method of individual attack on Jews. Jewish Revisionists have replied in kind

SEEKING PURIFICATION: High caste Hindus performing ceremonial ablutions in one of the sacred tanks of Madras on the occasion of the Sravana, one of the important religious festivals of the year, when offerings to the gods are made through the medium of fire and water so that all the sins of the past year may be shriven

SQUATTERS' RIGHTS: Men of the French dispatch vessel *Marne* engaged in constructing a concrete pylon to proclaim French suzerainty over the Paracel Islands, a series of coral reefs, 400 miles south-west of Hong Kong, which they have occupied to counter any possible Japanese threat to French colonial territory

THEIRS A VITAL RESPONSIBILITY: These jurymen were selected out of a panel of three hundred to officiate at the trial of James Hines, the former Tammany leader, on charges of securing police and judicial protection for New York racketeers. The case has proved quite one of the most sensational New York has ever known

TAMMANY UNDER FIRE

For 150 Years this Society has Dominated New York, has Often Controlled the Vote, and Always Exercised a Corrupt Influence: Now One of its Big Leaders has been Brought to Trial

By HARRY J. GREENWALL

The trial of James Hines, the former Harlem blacksmith who became one of the most powerful leaders of Tammany Hall, the New York Democrats' political organisation, began on August 15 and has been occupying the attention of all America as the defendant has faced the searching cross-examination of Thomas Dewey, New York's brilliant young District Attorney, who has sworn to stamp out racketeering. In the following article Harry J. Greenwall tells in brief the astonishing record of Tammany.

TAMMANY HALL, which directs the Tammany machine, was founded three weeks after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, in 1788, by William Mooney, a paper-hanger of Irish extraction, who also dealt in furniture and in upholstering. The original Tammany, however, was an Indian brave of largely legendary fame. It is a tradition that Tammany was the first Indian chief to welcome William Penn to North America when he landed on October 27, 1682. Ninety years later Tammany appears in American daily life as a fully-fledged saint. That was when Mooney founded the Society of St. Tammany, or Columbus Order; he seemed to have had the idea of making the Indian brave a co-saint with the discoverer of America.

THE POLITICIAN MAKER AND BREAKER: Charles Francis Murphy (1858-1924), a former leader of Tammany and for long an all-powerful figure in New York State politics. During the world war he was reputed to be making 5,000 dollars a day from a glucose deal he carried through with the British Government

At the time Mooney founded the Order, there were neither social nor political clubs in New York City, and none where members of the middle classes and working men could forgather. Therefore, Tammany Hall first occupied the place since filled by various fraternal orders for which the United States has become famous. By a natural process of social development, Tammany Hall grew, till it became, after an existence of not more than ten years as a benevolent society, the principal political faction of New York City. It became the meeting place of the "fixers," and has remained so ever since.

When William Mooney, who was the founder and had himself created "Grand Sachem," died, it was his intimate friend Aaron Burr, of Scotch descent, who took over the organisation, together with close friends of his own. Burr used the Tammany Society in the Presidential campaign of 1800, when he was elected Vice-President, and was within an ace of becoming President. In that election, New York held the balance of power. Burr succeeded in capturing the votes of New York State by the aid of members of Tammany. At that time, only those possessing a certain amount of property were qualified to vote. Tammany bought the property for many who would otherwise have been ineligible to vote in the election. Others who intended to vote, or said they intended to vote, against the Tammany candidates, were brought into what was called the wigwam; they were entertained, "persuaded," and escorted to the polls.

Tammany won the 1800 election, much to the chagrin of the Federalists under Alexander Hamilton. This election result led to a duel fought between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton was wrong in thinking that he and his class would be all right; the "common people" would be happy when they saw their obvious betters enjoying themselves and the spoils of victory, spoils which might eventually be handed down.

Tammany was cleverer; even during the early years the machine worked so that the spoils were shared between the supporters of Tammany; it gave out every sort of municipal job; even those who were given brooms and pails and were told they were street cleaners were perfectly happy.

In the beginning Tammany had the right to declare it was a 100 per cent. American organisation, but before very long it had to let the Irish in, because the Irish held such a number of potential votes. In a very short time the Irish captured control of Tammany. It happened this way: Tammany needed votes; if the leaders were to win power and money they must first break the political control of the wealthy classes by sheer strength of numbers. Tammany Hall, therefore, declared itself out for universal suffrage, manhood suffrage. This subject was debated in the Constitutional Convention of 1821, and the amendment bestowing the right to vote on every white man in New York State was passed. So was laid the strong foundation of Tammany's voting strength.

The first "sachems" of Tammany Hall did not limit themselves to the legitimate spoils of office, if such there be. The "sachems," or bosses, had the power and they meant to use it, and did. A statement published in 1838 sets forth that 600,000 dollars a year was collected from gambling dives, drinking dens, from prisoners in the Tombs, from police courts and from unfortunates of the streets. The statement refers to "an established custom," and that just meant the collection of dues. Spoils and fraud were soon closely allied.

In 1837 it was revealed that Samuel Swartwout, a Tammany politician, had "borrowed" from government funds, of which he was supposed to be the custodian, the sum of 1,225,000 dollars. William M. Price, also a Tammany man but also U.S. District Attorney, had stolen no less than 72,000 dollars. It will be seen that the Tammany system has remained practically intact for 100 years.

Naturally enough, a corrupt and rotten system made for corrupt leaders. One such leader of the past was William Marcy Tweed, born in 1823 in Cherry Street, New York. This is how he was described when he was twenty-five: "A tall, overgrown man, with animal spirits, with a swaggering gait, free and easy manners, the constant use of slang, and a coarse humour." He was an orator of sorts and began his career in 1857 when he was elected to the Board of Supervisors, from which post he developed his system for the corruption of the city of New York. Later on, Tweed added to the post of Supervisor that of State Senator and Deputy Street Commissioner, and amassed millions of dollars.

THE LIBERATION OF NEW YORK FROM THE RACKETEER'S GRIP: This is the mission of District Attorney Thomas Edward Dewey who has won nation-wide recognition by his spectacular crusade and who on August 15 tackled his biggest task to date when he charged James Hines, the Tammany leader, with corruption

The real success of the "Tweed Ring," as it was called, depended largely upon the absolute control of the foreign vote in New York City, but this meant about 50 per cent. of the entire city vote. Tweed made citizens out of immigrants at the rate of a thousand a day, and they voted; they had to, on the Tweed ticket. Tweed is also notorious in the annals of Tammany for having organised plural voting, or wholesale repeating as it is called in the U.S.A. This was during the 1868 election. Between 1865 and 1871 it is believed that Tweed perpetrated thefts and frauds which netted about 200,000,000 dollars.

Every person who secured a contract from the city of New York was instructed to increase the total of his bill by 65 per cent., and this was split among the members of the "Tweed Ring." In 1873 we find Tweed brought to trial and sentenced to twelve years in prison and a fine of 12,500 dollars; actually he stayed only twelve months in gaol and paid only 500 dollars. Nevertheless, he was held in gaol pending the hearing of hundreds of private suits against him, but just before Christmas, 1875, Tweed escaped from prison to Vigo in Spain, where he was arrested and extradited to New York, where he died in 1878.

Another notorious controller of Tammany was Charles Francis Murphy, born in New York in 1858. When he obtained control, the vote-snatching campaign was in full swing. Murphy found Tammany Hall running a perpetual cabaret. Steamboats were hired to convey guests to clam bakes, chowders, and other entertainments. There were crooked roulette wheels aboard the steamers, and games of poker and faro and dice for whomsoever felt

(Continued on page 386)

THE FORMER HARLEM BLACKSMITH and Tammany leader, James Hines (right), pictured with his lawyers on arrival at the court to stand his trial on charges of corruption in connection with New York racketeering

BATH IN THE GOLDEN AGE: Where Georgian England Gaily Flocked to Take the Waters

A FANCY DRESS BALL IN THE OLD ASSEMBLY ROOMS: An impression, by Robert Cruikshank, of Bath in the closing period of its great popularity when middle-class England—in the wake of the quality—flocked there to take the waters and indulge in its multifarious pleasures As is shown on the following two pages, these Assembly Rooms, which have of late been suffered to lose much of their character, are now being restored by Bath Corporation, and when the Duchess of Kent attends the reopening ball on October 18 she will see them almost as they were in the 18th century, when they were the very centre of the "provincial metropolis of gaiety"

RANK AND FASHION RIDE BY: A Cruikshank impression of the busy streets of Bath in the days of the Sedan chair

When Beau Nash, that adventurer of doubtful antecedents and impeccable good taste, went to Bath in the eighteenth century, and established himself as Master of Ceremonies, Bath entered upon its Golden Age, which was to last a century and more, and so fashionable did the place become that Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote in 1738: "All the polite and the gallant are either gone or preparing for Bath." To go elsewhere seemed almost a social sin. To-day the West-country spa is reviving some of its ancient glories by the restoration of the old Assembly Rooms; those same rooms where heroines of Georgian romance danced and took tea and where Mr. Pickwick in the 1820's took refuge following his trial. Dickens, indeed, conjured up the atmosphere of the Assembly Rooms in rare fashion in *The Pickwick Papers*. "Bath being full," he wrote, "the company, and the sixpences for tea, poured in, in shoals. In the ballroom, the long card-room, the octagonal card-room, the staircases, and the passages, the hum of many voices, and the sound of many feet, were perfectly bewildering. Dresses rustled, feathers waved, lights shone, and jewels sparkled. There was the music—not of the quadrille band, for it had not yet commenced; but the music of soft, tiny footsteps, with now and then a clear, merry laugh—low and gentle, but very pleasant to hear in a female voice, whether in Bath or elsewhere. Brilliant eyes, lighted up with pleasurable expectation, gleamed from every side; and, look where you would, some exquisite form glided gracefully through the throng, and was no sooner lost, than it was replaced by another as dainty and bewitching"

RESTORING BATH'S OLD

A Famed Rendezvous of 18th-
Former Splendour: The Duchess

AGAIN TO BE A MEETING PLACE OF RANK AND FASHION: The north-west corner of the old Assembly Rooms at Bath which are now being restored to their eighteenth-century magnificence and will be reopened on October 18 when a ball will be given there attended by the Duchess of Kent. During the present century the rooms were put to an inappropriate use, part of the building being employed as a cinema and unsightly posters adorned the walls. Now thanks to an anonymous donor all is being changed

RE-ASSEMBLING AN 8 FT. CHANDELIER the rooms on October 18. The ago and presented anonymously to leased it to the city. The Corporation tion, which is being carried out by Mr.

REDECORATING A FIREPLACE IN THE OCTAGON, the central hall round which the other rooms are grouped. *Below*—Cleaning parts of the magnificent cut-glass chandeliers which have been completely restored. They are being re-hung in their original places and will be illuminated by electricity instead of by wax candles as in the eighteenth century. There are nine of them in all, each standing about 8 ft. in height

GILDED CAPITALS AND RICH PLASTER WORK in the restored in breadth. The Assembly Rooms are not the original rooms decade after the great dandy died, by John Wood, the younger, Bath, the Royal Private Baths, York Buildings, and Kelston Park,

ASSEMBLY ROOMS

Century Days Regains its of Kent to Attend Reopening

in readiness for the reopening of building was purchased a short while the National Trust which has in turn is spending £30,000 upon the restora- Mowbray Green, the Bath architect

ANOTHER IMPORTANT CHANGE at the Assembly Rooms is the restoration of the north side, which of late has been used by wine merchants. Now all traces of commercialism are being removed, and the windows are being altered to their original aspect. Everything is being done, indeed, to give back to the building its 18th-century atmosphere

A KNOWING LOOK: This classic figure appears to be taking quite an intelligent interest in the craftsman engaged in repairing his gold-leaf-lined niche

THE ALFRED STREET ENTRANCE, with its typical eighteenth-century glass doors opening on to a picturesque paved forecourt, is another part of the great building which is receiving attention in this bold attempt to recreate the true period atmosphere

tea-room—a magnificent apartment 66 ft. in length and 41 ft. of Beau Nash's reign, for they were built in 1769–71, nearly a son of "Wood of Bath." Young Wood also designed the Hot while he was responsible for two fine houses outside the city

Lovers of old Bath will be glad to hear of the restoration of the Assembly Rooms which, though not the original rooms of Beau Nash's dominating reign, belong essentially to eighteenth-century Bath; for it was there that Catherine Morland and so many other heroines of Georgian romance danced and took tea, and it was there, in the card room, that Dickens laid the scene of the card party in the *Pickwick Papers*. The work of restoration is being done with faithful exactitude and when the Duchess of Kent attends the ball on October 18 it will be in a setting hardly a wit different from that which met the eyes of the future George IV when he was entertained there in the year 1796

THE MUSICIANS' GALLERY, with its shapely metal grilles, has for long years been hidden in a welter of plaster, but from now on it will be put to its original purpose. Two windows in it were blocked up, and these have been revealed again, as have many other interesting period features. There is a similar gallery in the ballroom

THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO

Scenes from the New Film about the Great Venetian Traveller who Visited Kublai Khan

WOOER'S BAIT: Ahmed the Saracen (Basil Rathbone) brings gifts to Princess Kukachin (Sigrid Gurie), whom he is determined to marry despite the rivalry of Marco Polo. An episode from *The Adventures of Marco Polo* which is coming to the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square, next week

THE FIRING SQUAD: The Tartar soldiers of Kaidu, a powerful war lord, tie their prisoners to the stake and shoot them

LOVERS MEET IN THE GARDEN OF KUBLAI KHAN: Marco Polo (Gary Cooper) and Princess Kukachin (Sigrid Gurie) whose romantic interludes provide relief from the high drama of Samuel Goldwyn's film

THE FAIR TOXOPHILITE: The Emperor's daughter, Princess Kukachin (Sigrid Gurie), tries her skill with bow and arrow while her hand-maidens look on. Sigrid Gurie is a new find and her acting in this film will be watched with much interest

THE ATTACK ON PEKING: Marco Polo (Gary Cooper) tells Kaidu (Alan Hale) how best to storm the city which he is determined to capture to save the Emperor's daughter from Ahmed the Saracen, who is just about to marry her

The story of Marco Polo, greatest of medieval travellers, has been adapted to the screen in Hollywood's accustomed lavish fashion, and next week Londoners will have an opportunity of seeing and judging the film for themselves when it is presented at the Odeon, Leicester Square. In many ways it is an ideal screen theme, partly because it is set in the China of the thirteenth century, regarding which history has left us to imagine much, and partly because the hero, through his very modesty, tells in his book little or nothing about himself. Thus in depicting him the film producer has had every latitude, and there will be no sticklers for accuracy in a position to raise a hue and cry.

The setting of the film is largely confined to the court of Kublai Khan, and much of the story is admittedly fictional. It would appear, however, to conjure up the atmosphere of the period and this, at least, is a cause for satisfaction. Gary Cooper plays the title role and is partnered by Sigrid Gurie, a young actress of distinct promise

On right—
THE TRYSTING TREE: Marco Polo (Gary Cooper) and Princess Kukachin (Sigrid Gurie)

NING TO TRAIN: These girls are among the 160 students at the Fascist Women's Academy, Orvieto, where they are taking a course of physical exercises before being sent to various centres in Italy to act as instructresses under the nation-wide scheme to promote fitness. According to the Central Statistical Institute in Rome, Italians are growing taller—a fact revealed by investigations extending over the past decade and evidencing the influence of physical culture

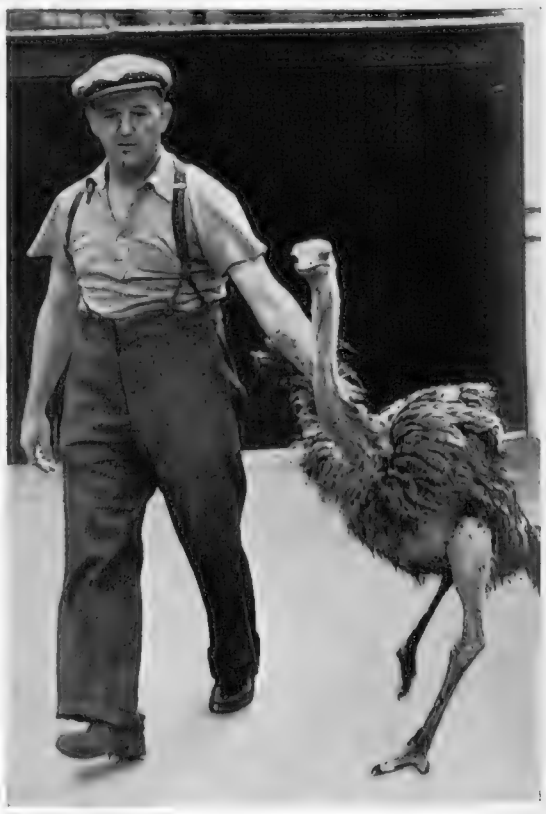
AT EXERCISE WITH THE NAGINATA: Japanese girls using their wooden staves, modelled on the lines of a feudal weapon, during a physical drill class

ITALIAN AND JAPANESE GIRLHOOD IN SEARCH OF PHYSICAL FITNESS

ZOO NEWS

This is Jack, the young jackdaw at London Zoo, who was caught the other day near Primrose Hill. He is too young to be let loose in the aviary, where he might be injured by the older birds, and shares Keeper Gregory's own quarters

THE NEWCOMER: Whipsnade's sarus crane offers his newly-born offspring a choice tit-bit. It will not be long before the youngster is able to forage for himself



On right—AFTER BEING WITHOUT AN OSTRICH FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS, the London Zoo has acquired this fine chick from Africa. It has no plumes, but has all the arrogant manner of an adult bird

THE DEERSTALKER

A stalker spying for deer amid the rugged grandeur of Glen Elnich, Inverness-shire, above which towers the precipitous and forbidding face of Sgaran Dubh. There is no statutory close season for deer, and stalking for stags starts any time between the second week in August and October. Hinds are left unmolested until November

RETRIEVING THE BAG

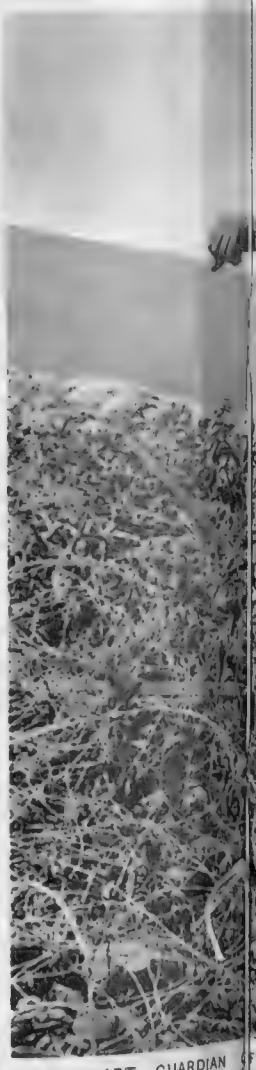
Mr. W. Harrison, a member of Mr. H. M. Martineau's party on Reeth Moor, Yorkshire, retrieving grouse which fell in a stream. Reports from this grouse-shooting "front" indicate only moderate bags this season, but what birds there are are healthy and strong on the wing

THE START AT DAWN: A party of young Jewish workers about to leave by lorry for the Palestinian frontier, there to work on the building of Tegart's Wall, the mighty barbed-wire fence which has been named after Sir Charles Tegart, adviser to the Palestine Government, and set up along the northern and eastern boundaries of the Holy Land to prevent Arab terrorists from crossing into Syria and Transjordan to obtain fresh supplies of arms

YOUTH AND AGE PLAY THEIR PART: Two Jewish workers engaged on wiring the wall. Since it was completed it has been penetrated at several points and the guards have had to be doubled. On the eastern frontier the fence is not continuous, the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee acting as a natural barrier. At fording points on the river special precautions are taken, and on Galilee a fleet of fast motor boats is on patrol duty

A CAMP ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER where Jewish workers were quartered while at work on the construction of Tegart's Wall. Every three weeks, as the fence grew, the camp was moved on to a new scene of operations

On right—
THE FIELD KITCHEN: Jewish girls, several of whom are seen wearing shorts, cooking the mid-day meal for the men engaged upon the defence of the wall



A STALWART GUARDIAN [illegible] beside a portion of the [illegible] a man engaged in wiring [illegible] by British Army sappers [illegible] to pierce the defences [illegible] only been able to do so

BUILDING TEGART'S WALL

A Mighty Barbed-wire Fence Set Up Round Palestine to Help Quell the Arab Bands in Their Campaign of Terrorism

PNEUMATIC DRILLS have been used for boring holes in the rock for the uprights supporting the barbed-wire fence

REPAIRING A BREACH: Young Jews, deeply bronzed by constant exposure, engaged in re-erecting a section of Tegart's Wall which was destroyed recently by a determined band of 800 Arabs. The barrier varies in thickness according to local conditions, and in this instance consists of four parallel barbed-wire fences, each about 5 ft. high. The spaces between are criss-crossed with barbed wire

F THE FRONTIER: A young Jew standing
nce destroyed by Arab raiders, and (*on right*)
The barrier has several times been tested
no found that it took them at least 20 mins.
hen operating by daylight. The Arabs have
when attacking in unusually large numbers

BUDDHA AS TWO CIVILISATIONS VIEWED HIM: *Above*—An eighth-century figure of the great teacher. A fine example of Cambodian art recently brought to France from Indo-China by the Philippe Stern and de Coral Expedition. *Right*—A seventh-century sculpture of him unearthed by the French Archæological Expedition to Afghanistan. Both are now being displayed in the new galleries which have been added to that veritable treasure house of Oriental religious art, the Musée Guimet in Paris. This museum has been thoroughly modernised and its extension now accommodates a host of finds made in the Far East in 1936 and 1937

FRENCH FINDS IN CAMBODIA AND AFGHANISTAN

Exhibited in the New Galleries of the Musée Guimet

IN GRACEFUL SYMMETRY: Two feminine figures emerging from a basin in the centre of which is the stem of a lotus flower. An example of seventh-century Afghan art discovered in Afghanistan by the Archæological Expedition under the direction of M. Hackin, curator of the Musée Guimet. The piece is now being displayed in the museum

VISITORS to the Musée Guimet in Paris, an institution famed for its fine collection of Oriental art, will be much impressed by the new section which has recently been added, spacious galleries having been constructed on what was formerly the courtyard garden and arranged in most pleasing fashion, careful attention being paid to lighting and decor. The whole aspect of the place is indeed reminiscent of the improvements lately carried out at the Louvre.

At the moment M. Hackin, the curator, is showing in these rooms some of the major treasures brought to France by the expeditions of 1936 and 1937, one of which went to the Fondukistan district of Afghanistan under the direction of M. Hackin himself and the other to Cambodia, being known as the Philippe Stern and de Coral Mission.

It is only in the past half century that Cambodian or Khmer art has become at all well known in the west, and it was a distinct revelation when the Colonial Minister exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 a number of casts and drawings representing the glories of Angkor. It is good to know, therefore, that more of this work—such a complicated combination of strange, surprising fancy and genuine artistic merit—is finding its way to Europe and being added to the Musée Guimet's collection, which, in this particular direction, is unrivalled.

Little is known of the history of Khmer art in Cambodia, but it is Indian beyond question, and it seems that a branch of the great Hindu family—well versed in the traditions of Hindu art—established itself in Cambodia at a time when things were becoming increasingly uncomfortable for members of the Buddhist sects.

In addition to Khmer art the Musée Guimet has fine examples of Indian, Tibetan, Chinese, Japanese, and Afghan Greco-Buddhist work, and its extensive library and photographic archives are well known to archæological students the world over.

The museum was founded in 1886 by M. Guimet, of Lyons, whose original plan that it should be illustrative of eastern religious life has been largely followed, models of temples and shrines being a great feature of the exhibits.

Below—A PERFECT SETTING for the display of Oriental works of art. The main hall of the new section of the Musée Guimet where the principal French archæological discoveries in the east in 1936 and 1937 are now being shown. The arrangement of the exhibits on wood and stone pedestals against the beige pink background of the walls is extremely well done

Pure Shellfishness!

There's nothing like a

Guinness

with Lobster

C.E.772

In the Paddock you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like

PRODUCT OF A PARLOUR GAME: A "five-point drawing" of a woman in a hammock made by Sargent at the home of Mrs. Arthur Bronson in Venice where, in the '80's of the last century, many artists forgathered. The rules under which "five-point" contests were held are described below

"FIVE-POINT DRAWINGS"

Relics of the '80's: Guests at a Venetian Villa Who Whiled Away the Hours with Pictorial Contests

EARLIER generations, although unacquainted with either radio, television, or the gramophone, seem to have experienced no lack of home pastimes; and among these, games or contests, pictorial or verbal, with pencil and paper as the medium of expression, seem to have been high in favour. The Rossettis, for example, exercised themselves in sonnets written to Bouts-rimés (some of which are published among Christina's collected poems), while less-gifted groups, gathered socially around the table, contented themselves with "Consequences," collaborative drawings, alphabetical lists of historical or geographical names, spelling games, and the like.

Visitors to the Casa Alvisi in Venice, home of the gifted and gracious Mrs. Arthur Bronson, found amusement, in and around 1880, in "five-point drawings," and as, in a house where artists and celebrities gathered from all lands, such pictorial contests must have yielded results of vivid interest, it is fortunate that at least some few of these slips of paper with their rapid improvisations should have survived in the possession of the daughter of the house, then Miss Bronson, now Contessa Rucellai, who has permitted them to be photographed for the first time.

THE PIPER: A "five-point drawing" by Julian Story, son of the well-known American sculptor, William Story

In these "five-point drawing" contests each member of the group received a paper in which five points pricked at random indicated the position of hands and feet and some determined point of the head . . . the nose, the centre of the forehead, as the case might be; and a figure drawing had to be made within a given time conforming to and utilising these five points, no matter how elongated, compressed or scattered their relative positions might be.

Among the few surviving sketches (and in this hospitable Venetian house where for twenty years, as Henry James wrote, "Everyone passed, everyone was seen to pass, and few were those not seen to stop and to return") are some by Sargent, by the French artist J. Chartran, and Julian Story (son of the American sculptor, William Story, author of the delightful *Roba di Roma*); and the vigour and versatility of these rapid drawings witness to the swiftness of concept, the sense of action, the ready utilisation of a given space of a master draughtsman; while in some cases versatility in conceiving alternative compositions within the same limits is evidenced by the beginnings of a drawing on the one side of the paper, and its substitution, with the points re-distributed, on the reverse side.

FIGURE WITH A LYRE: A "five-point drawing" by the French artist J. Chartran

Thus Sargent, on the reverse side of his "Lady in a Hammock" drawing, had sketched in a nude figure falling prone, face downwards, taking the lower foot in the hammock drawing for the head, the other four points for up-flung feet and out-thrown hands; while on the back of his figure of the gondolier is a ballet-dancer, seen from behind, head and torso thrown backwards, the point where the gondolier's right hand is placed serving as the point for the head, his head and left hand points giving the position of the dancer's raised hands, and his feet her feet, barely seen beneath the billowing fall of skirt which, owing to the backward swing of the figure, almost touches the ground. So also the figure of "A Man Digging," signed

(*Continued on page* 392)

POSING WITH THE PENGUINS: This is Miss Tania Sharman—they call her the ideal television girl—whom viewers have been seeing in the fashion programmes broadcast from Radiolympia. When this picture was taken Miss Sharman was enjoying a day off at the London Zoo

"AT VENICE NO ONE WONDERS AT ANYTHING" runs a medieval saying, but surely Sabu, the young Indian hero of the British film *The Drum*, must have wondered and have been suitably impressed when he sat between Signor Bottai, Italian Minister of Education, and veteran diplomat, Count Volpi, when *The Drum* was shown before a distinguished audience there as one of the entries for the "Mussolini Cup" which is awarded for the picture of the year

A SHOCK FOR THE "UPPER FOUR HUNDRED": Sally Clark, sister-in-law of John Roosevelt (son of President Roosevelt), pictured (second from right) at the Ritz Carlton Roof-garden, Boston, after she had made her debut as a singer and dancer there, scoring a distinct success. Her appearance as a trouper has created quite a stir in American society circles

A.R.P. REALISM:

WHAT AN INCENDIARY BOMB CAN DO: This was one of the items in a demonstration of Air Raid Precautions at Watford and here we see a projectile of the thermite type burning its way through a sheet of iron. It took exactly 30 secs. to do this, so it is not difficult to appreciate what a menace such a projectile would be to property in time of war

A DANGEROUS ENEMY: An incendiary bomb of the electron type exploding. As it does so it sets alight all inflammable material within a radius of several yards. Water will not put it out and, indeed, aggravates it to further activity. Dry sand and foamed slag are the only good antidotes

THE INCENDIARY BOMB MEETS ITS MATCH: In the picture above this it was shown how the projectile could burn in 30 secs. right through a sheet of solid iron. Here we see the bomb in contact with a patent type of boarding which does not conduct heat and possesses other remarkable properties. When the experiment was over the board was found to be quite intact

THE FIRE SPREADS: This picture, when compared with that above, shows how the electron type bomb rapidly creates a big fire, the sparks igniting all adjacent inflammable material. In war-time the fire brigade would have to be very quickly on the spot to prevent a big outbreak of fire

IMMUNE: A close-up showing the new and patent type of boarding, which does not conduct heat, after it had come in contact with an incendiary bomb and emerged absolutely unharmed. It is made by a London firm, and its special properties naturally commend it to the building trade

MEN OF THE AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE making adjustments to the pumping apparatus on one of their engines. This is a self-contained unit and can be towed to the scene of a fire behind a small lorry or a powerful car

A Practical Demonstration of Air Raid Precautions at Watford, Showing Ways and Means of Dealing with Incendiary Bombs

HOW TO DEAL WITH A THERMITE INCENDIARY BOMB: As in the case of the electron bomb, water is of no use in treating this type of projectile. The ideal way to combat it is to smother it in sand and then, using a special scoop (a shovel will do), remove it to a place of safety

PASSING INTO AN AIR-LOCK before entering a Home Office mobile gas chamber. Youths having their first experience of wearing respirators during the A.R.P. demonstration at Watford

TRYING HIS PRENTICE HAND: A member of the audience at the Watford display using a long-handled scoop, of the approved type, to remove an incendiary bomb after smothering it with sand. For the purpose of the exercise it has to be imagined that the bomb has fallen into a house

INSIDE A HOME OFFICE MOBILE GAS VAN: A picture taken as a party of youngsters was undergoing a first experience of wearing masks when in contact with gas. The civilian respirator protects the wearer against breathing any of the known war gases. It consists of a container filled with material to filter fumes, and a facepiece of rubber sheet with a large window of non-inflammable transparent material. *Below*—Men of the Auxiliary Fire Service in action

EGG-AND-SPOON RACE—AN A.R.P. VERSION: The sequel to the picture above, showing the incendiary bomb being carried away in a long-handled scoop before being deposited in a place where it can burn itself out harmlessly

AN IDEAL OPEN-AIR SHOW: *Above*—Romney Brent as Tobias and Edana Romney as Sara in James Bridie's delightful play, *Tobias and the Angel*, which has been revived with such success at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, that its limited run has been prolonged until to-day. *Right*—Tobias has his feet washed after his walk from Nineveh

THE VIC-WELLS COMPANY GOES ON TOUR: Margot Fonteyn (left), who played so promisingly in several major roles last year, and other members of the Corps de Ballet rehearsing at Sadler's Wells before leaving for the provinces, where they are now appearing. They opened at Manchester last Monday and will return to London on Sept. 19

On left—A TALE OF THE WILD WEST: Two Impressions of Randolph Scott and Joan Bennett in *The Texans*, which had its London premiere recently at the Plaza Cinema. The story deals with the aftermath of the civil war, when America's south was ruled as a conquered country and returning veterans of the Confederate Army found their homes and land confiscated

DRAMA

THE star of the music-halls (but not that of certain music-hall stars) is declared to be in the ascendant. Instead of variety theatres being turned into cinemas, cinemas are being turned into variety theatres, though not, I fancy, very many of them. For there is still in the heart of the West End a total lack of such places as the Empire, the Alhambra, the Tivoli and the London Pavilion, where one could "drop in," and, incidentally, be chucked out. I am not saying that the possibility of either process marked the acme of enjoyment, or that the entertainment side of pre-war London was bliss without alloy, as alleged by certain middle-aged *laudatores temporis acti*, who are never weary of eulogising it. But Leicester Square was certainly a more matey spot before mere theatres had been replaced by a trio of gorgeous super film-palaces.

There is no sign of any of that trio housing human entertainers. London now has, however, more variety, in the professional sense, than it had a fortnight ago, for the Coliseum has returned to its former habits and it is no longer left to the Palladium and the Holborn Empire to keep the flag flying. I was glad to see the other night numbers glowing in the old fashion on either side of the proscenium. My memory of the Coliseum goes back to the rather distant days when there were auditorium choirs in costume in each of the stage boxes and when the late Cora Brown-Potter made a non-distinguished appearance in a non-musical version of *Pagliacci*.

I have since followed its fortunes through oriental musical plays (remember *Sumurun*?), pageants, horse-races (which killed off a jockey), Russian ballet, spectacular operettas, musical comedy, ice-carnivals, and a circus. If ever a theatre could be aptly termed a variety theatre in the widest meaning of the word, that theatre is the Coliseum.

The bill chosen for the come-back had more than one drawback; but it formed a pleasant enough entertainment in an unambitious way—unambitious, that is to say, in that there were no stars of dazzling magnitude. I thought its chief drawbacks were a certain monotony of style and appearance—I forget how many young men with dark, wavy hair, wearing dress-suits and a smile, entered carrying a violin—and a minimum of female performers. These last included some muscular Magyars, some assistants to two other turns, and Miss Andre Merton, of the firm of Balliol and Merton, dancers who, according to the programme, "flirt with death"; they certainly did not seem to be flirting with each other, for Mr. Balliol was obviously treating poor Miss Merton with horrible brutality, throwing her down on the stage with such force that I wonder she did not bounce, and whirling her round by one slim leg. However, they took a curtain-call hand-in-hand and smiling, so it must have been just Mr. Balliol's fun.

And there was Miss Elsie Day, who sang songs into a microphone and tried to persuade the audience to join in the chorus with rather poor response, not even "Land of Hope and Glory" rousing them vocally. Her partner, Mr. Rupert Hazell, was another of those who came on with a fiddle, a different kind of one, with a bit of a cornet or something tied on to it. Mr. Bobby Henshaw, on the other hand, came on with a ukelele, a stock of "wise cracks," and odd throat noises, and was later joined by Miss Doris Harding.

The main turn, in the sense that it took the longest time, was described as "Stanelli's Bachelor Party," in which sundry performers from other parts of the programme joined—notably Mr. Norman Long, who smiled, told stories, sang at the piano, impersonated a female and made himself generally and genially useful. The bald-headed, black-moustached comedian of the Russell and Marconi couple—I could not gather which was which—was the life and soul of that party, which, like so many parties, would have been better had it stopped sooner. This little man has something of the humour and pathos of Charlie Chaplin at his best.

Is the Punch and Judy show dead? Not a bit of it, particularly if it is as good as that shown by Mr. George Prentice. A brilliant entertainment this, which I enjoyed better than the whole of the rest of the programme lumped together. Punch remains as of old; but dog Toby (always a bore) has been replaced by horrific serpents and creeping things innumerable, causing a tremendous delirium of excitement.

"Thou Shalt Not ——."—It is part, it seems, of the accepted lingo of theatrical discussion that Emile Zola's *Thérèse Raquin* should always be described as a masterpiece. I wonder why. I saw it some years ago at the Court Theatre with the late Mrs. Theodore Wright as the paralytic Madame Raquin and it struck me as a Grand Guignol hair-raiser spun out, somehow, into three acts. Not that Grand Guignol is to be despised; horror for horror's sake has a definite place in the theatre as in literature.

This play has always been effective in its way, and it is no less effective in the most recent of its many revivals, this time under the name of *Thou Shalt Not* —— at the Playhouse. But the author does not seem to trouble much about his folk, except in so far as they figure in the working-out of his crime theme. Save in this respect, we know little about them, and care less, for they do not inspire much interest in themselves. It is not of such stuff that dramatic "masterpieces" are made.

Even the love affair of Thérèse and Laurent is sketched very roughly, considering that it is the motive for the whole play. Laurent is particularly shadowy, and superb though Mr. Henry Oscar's performance is, the man remains vague. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt had better luck with Thérèse; that the author has made Thérèse almost a real person does not alter the fact that Miss Nesbitt showed the quality of genius.

These two took the unfortunate Camille, Thérèse's husband, out in a boat, deliberately upset it, and held him under water to drown. They persuaded Camille's doting old mother that they had made a gallant attempt to rescue him, and married with her blessing. But the ghost of Camille, flabby and cold, with staring eyes like a cod on a fishmonger's slab,

Variety in the Ascendant: A Zola Revival at the Playhouse: A "Q" Theatre Production that is Obviously Destined for the West End Stage

By
PHILIP PAGE

is always coming between them, so they turn on each other and quarrel hysterically. During one of their rows the old mother overhears them talking of the murder, has a stroke and is completely paralysed except for her eyes. For the rest of the play the eyes have it. That is to say, the wretched pair quiver with terror under the old woman's accusing glances. M. Zola never explained why Thérèse and Laurent did not take lodgings elsewhere.

Miss Nancy Price, easily shedding thirty years or so from her centenarian job-of-work in *Whiteoaks*—she did not look a day over eighty—

"ALWAYS GOOD-BYE," which was scheduled to start at the Regal, Marble Arch, this week-end, provides Barbara Stanwyck (centre) with plenty of dramatic material for her talents. She plays the part of a mother who allows her son to be adopted and then fights to regain her parental authority. Herbert Marshall co-stars

MARIE TEMPEST IN A NEW SCREEN ROLE: The veteran actress, who takes the part of Jennifer Varwell, resting between shots when on location in Cornwall where Associated British made the screen version of Eden and Adelaide Phillpotts' successful play of West Country life, *Yellow Sands*. This film is also to be seen at the Regal, Marble Arch

ROUGH STUFF: Louis Hayward as Simon Templar, alias "The Saint," Paul Guilfoyle, and Jack Carson in R.K.O. Radio's *The Saint in New York*, a gangster film based on one of the well-known stories by Leslie Charteris. It had its European premiere last week at the Carlton

was duly baleful as Madame. I would not care to say whether it is very difficult or very easy to spend half a play without saying a line and hardly moving a muscle except one's eyelids. I am much more sure that if it were very difficult Miss Price would be clever enough to tackle it. That room over a French shop was gloomily Zola-esque, and why Mr. Morris Harvey and Mr. Bromley Davenport, as two old friends of the family, should have looked forward so eagerly to the alleged fun of playing dominoes in it is an insoluble mystery. But in some mysterious fashion those admirable actors managed to furnish what is technically known as light relief.

"Room for Two."—This amusing, rather naughty little play is obviously destined to come from its "Q" birthplace to central London, where its sojourn should be long; for it is of the brand that for the moment is to the public taste. Mr. Gilbert Wakefield has written better stuff, but 'twill serve. The laughter at the first performance could have been heard the other side of Kew Bridge.

It is a farcical yarn of two mutually fed-up married couples. Married Couple A go to Venice with the wife's lover in tow, disguised as a lady's maid. Some "*un peu shockeeng*" fun here about only a single bedroom in the hotel having been hired, with the "lady's maid" sleeping on the sofa, and the husband being put up in the chauffeurs' annexe. He wasn't near any chauffeurs but was at another hotel with the female half of Married Couple B. Married Man B arrives in Venice to announce, quite amiably, that he intends to divorce his wife, with Married Man A as co-respondent. Married Woman B is delighted, Married Man A a little fussy and flummoxed, and Married Woman A is free to marry her lover. And that's that.

One knows after the first twenty minutes almost exactly what will happen, the only surprise being the appearance of Mr. Henry Kendall, forbiddingly swathed in middle-aged womanhood, as the applicant for the lady's maid job. Mr. Kendall's female impersonation is of the quiet and dignified type adopted when occasion demands by Mr. Sydney Howard, and it is the type I prefer. The bedroom scene was decidedly knuckle-ish until it was silenced by the sleeping draught borrowed from *Sleeping Partners*.

I applaud Miss Elsie Randolph's wisdom in playing a comedy role while in her musical-comedy prime and thus forestalling those familiar cattish suggestions. What is more, she is extraordinarily good, and showed herself a surprisingly subtle comedienne. And I mean that "surprisingly" as a compliment. She can give full point to a witty line and can save a naughty one from embarrassment by not, as it were, rolling in it.

Mr. Hugh Wakefield, always first-class, can get more fun out of being harassed and petulant than any light comedian we have. Poor Mr. Michael Shepley, saddled as so often with a colourless part—this time he had not even to smoke a pipe—made bricks without straw. Which is far cleverer than dropping 'em with a whole cartload of it.

New Shows.—Eric Maschwitz's *Paprika*—a lavish costume production—will open at His Majesty's on September 15, and on the same evening Ivor Novello and Tom Arnold will present Shakespeare's *Henry V* at Drury Lane, the former appearing in the title role. The Vic.-Wells opera and ballet companies will begin their London season on Monday, September 19, at the Streatham Hill for a fortnight. There will be a season at Golders Green during the following fortnight, beginning on October 3. According to present arrangements, the extensions at Sadler's Wells will be completed in time for opening there on Monday, October 17.

"MARRIAGE IS THE ONLY CAREER FOR A GIRL," says Gloria (Helen Broderick; right) as she tries to comfort Nicole (Danielle Darrieux). An episode from *The Rage of Paris*, the new picture at the Leicester Square Theatre. It is flimsy fare, but well acted

SCREENING "THE MIKADO": Gregory Stroud as Pish Tush in the film version of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan opera which is now being made in Technicolor at the Pinewood studios and will probably be showing in London before the end of the year

WHERE BURNS FOUNDED THE BACHELORS' CLUB: A thatcher at work on the roof of the cottage at Tarbolton, Ayrshire, which is being restored by the National Trust. *On right*—The Tam O' Shanter Inn at Ayr, reputed haunt of the hero of Burns' epic, which may be demolished to make way for new premises unless the sum of £830 is raised by the end of next month. The Ayr Burns Club is asking for donations

TWO LINKS WITH BURNS

Restoring the Tarbolton Cottage: The Tam O' Shanter Inn in Danger

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

WORDSWORTH: Poet But No Saint

Helen Ashton's Novel-cum-Biography Reveals Him As a Difficult Character

BY VERNON FANE

A LIFE-LONG conviction, engendered very naturally in schooldays and fostered by subsequent reading, that William Wordsworth was an unlikeable creature, has only been confirmed for me by Miss Helen Ashton's new novel, **WILLIAM AND DOROTHY** (Collins. 8s. 6d.).

He was mean with money and, worse, grudging with his thoughts, and the devotion that his sister Dorothy felt for him can never have been reproduced in his own lifetime, even by his wife, who must have found her lively children a great comfort.

As to Miss Ashton's book—it is a pure delight. The writer, with Dorothy Wordsworth's journals to draw upon, has given us a picture of the poet's life with his sister, with their friend Coleridge and with his peevish wife, that is unforgettable. The Wordsworths lived simply, from necessity and from choice, for her interests and his inspiration were in the country, and when they strayed to London they found it a sadly distracting place, and the scene of many unprofitable visits.

When Coleridge first came into the lives of the brother and sister, Dorothy was quite young. England and France were at war, and William was already the father of a little girl in Calais, whose mother his family had not permitted him to marry. (That, at least, is the charitable construction Miss Ashton places on Wordsworth's often disputed problem.) Critics have never yet agreed about the relationship of Dorothy and the brilliant young man, Coleridge. No love letters between them survive, and it is possible that she thought of him with no more than the tolerant admiration which she might feel for any of William's erratic friends.

Miss Ashton, however, has taken a stand on the subject. Dorothy loved Coleridge when they were both young, she asserts, and even in middle age she was jealous and unhappy on his account. His wife and his growing family of young children she had trained herself to accept, but his later enthusiasms were more hurtful, and particularly the plain Sara Hutchinson, sister of William's wife. It was for Sara that Coleridge would call later in his life, when he was racked with neuralgia, and sodden with drink and with the laudanam to which he had become an addict.

The relationship of Dorothy and her brother was a very different thing. There was no one in the world like William, and he had her whole allegiance. When he married calm Mary Hutchinson Dorothy could not bring herself to face the wedding, and stayed in her room until the couple walked back to the little lakeside cottage which they were all to share. But Mary was a remarkable woman for all her quietness, and the enchanted companionship was not altered.

Brother and sister remained great walkers till late in their lives. Their "wanders," which made nothing of 20 miles' rough going in one day, dismayed most of their less-sturdy friends, though little Charles Lamb and the young de Quincey sometimes accompanied them valiantly enough. On the occasion when they persuaded Coleridge to come with them into Scotland the journey ended in disaster, for he was not strong enough for either the climate or the exertions which they undertook, and he parted from them by a gloomy lochside, "crying and stamping like a child, saying that he must go home."

William, in this crisis, was no help. He could always be relied on to drop picnic baskets into water or make everyone feel uncomfortable. "There was nothing he disliked more than having to alter his plans for other people, and he was never very compassionate towards his friend's troubles."

It was from these wanders, however, in Scotland and in the Lake country that William received the inspiration for the greater number of his poems, and it was the faithful Dorothy who took them down in dictation, or who made the laborious fair copies for the publishers' scrutiny. Even more than his wife, though that amazing woman never questioned it, she was the poet's right hand and his constant companion.

Like Dorothy Wordsworth herself, Miss Ashton has known how to write about the country, its seasons, and its people. Her version of the lives of the famous brother and sister may never be surpassed.

When a man writes about the home in which most of his childhood was spent, there is often a nostalgia about his thoughts strong enough to guide his pen, and to give a slight, affectionate distortion to the scenes that he is trying to recall. He is alone and the arbiter of his memories, and the evocation depends on his own mood. One of the healthiest things about a family, however, is the disregard they have for each other's opinions, and they usually act as a sturdy corrective to each other's flights of fancy.

In this way, when three members of the same family try to remember, as sincerely as they can, the scenes in which their childhood was passed, the composite picture is apt to be a true one, and more revealing than the reminiscences of any one of them.

Mr. Lennox Robinson has chosen this method for **THREE HOMES** (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) in which he recalls the three places in the south of Ireland where his youth was spent. He has collaborated with his brother and his sister in a kind of joint autobiography, the result of which is a delightful book and a picture of a vanished Ireland.

Brothers and sister often contradict each other, but it is generally over matters of feeling more than cold fact, and what emerges, even more clearly than the sights and sounds of the country, is an impression of a charming, spirited family, with a good deal of mutual respect and a common gift, though in varying degrees, for natural writing.

CHAOS (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) is an extremely difficult book to assess. It cannot be dismissed as an extravagantly wordy, highly coloured novel, though one is often tempted to do just that on coming across such an obviously false piece of dialogue as — "Oh, chuck it!" said Rosemary childishly. "We don't want any of that old buck about reincarnation and all that sort of rot—I believe Daddyman's been gassing to you .... My school friends don't talk like that. They know too much." Nor can it be taken seriously as an earnest of things to come, which is in some measure the intention of the author.

There remains, if the reader can struggle with the bathos and the improbabilities of the dialogue, a pretty good story in the early-Wellsian tradition of the War in the Towns, with really good descriptive passages when it comes to scenes of action and horror.

Mr. Shaw Desmond has the sense of the dramatic, there can be no doubt about that, and when emphasis and a producer's regard for highlights are valuable, then he is the man to recognise it, but the other values, of effective restraint and clarity, must seem to him unimportant. Whether one enjoys the book or not seems to depend on whether one finds the scenes of real excitement and suspense an adequate substitute for a complete lack of humour, even by implication.

There is a drawing of chaos on the cover. I had often wondered what it looked like.

Another difficult book to discuss is **SIEGE-LADY** (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.), though the authors, Mr. C. P. Hawkes and Miss Marion Smithes, deserve our applause for the accuracy of their researches and for the opportune moment at which they have chosen to publish their account of the war of the two brothers.

That civil war which raged in Portugal just 100 years ago has some counterpart, though it is a grimmer one, in the Spanish conflict to-day. Then, as now, it was a case of a country divided against itself, of brother fighting brother, and of enmities more bitter than can be brought to life by any other kind of war. Portugal was torn in two and, more even than now, England was vitally concerned.

England's preoccupation was not altogether disinterested, for the fiercest and most decisive fighting took place round Oporto, where the famous wine lodges lay, on which England's wine trade counted. There were many English, too, in the city itself, nearly all of them

(*Continued on page 386*)

BOOKS RECEIVED

COLLINS.—THE URGENT HANGMAN. By Peter Cheyney. 7s. 6d. THE MARRIAGE WILL NOT TAKE PLACE. By Marguerite Steen 8s. 6d. COMBRIDGES.—COLLECTED POEMS. By Cecil Floersheim. 7s. 6d. THOS. COOK & SON.—GUIDE TO BELGIUM AND LUXEMBOURG. Edited by T. G. Barman and J. De Geynst. 5s. COUNTRY LIFE.—A NIGHT IN LONDON. Photographs by Bill Brandt. Introduced by James Bone. 5s. LOVAT DICKSON.—THE FIGHT TO LIVE. By Raymond L. Ditmars. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—DIVERS IN DEEP SEAS: More Romances of Salvage. By David Masters. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—ALL ABOUT SHIPS AND SHIPPING. Edited by E. P. Harnack. 7s. 6d. A HISTORY OF WELBECK ABBEY AND ITS OWNERS. Vol. I, 1539–1755. By A. S. Turberville. Illustrated. 25s. VEGETABLE DISHES AND SALADS. By Ambrose Heath. 3s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—WHAT WAR MEANS: The Japanese Terror in China. By H. J. Timperley. 7s. 6d. THE UNVEILING OF TIMBUCTOO: The Astounding Adventures of Caillie. By Galbraith. Illustrated. 16s. COMMON PEOPLE. By William Cameron. 8s. 6d. THE THEME IS MURDER! By Gavin Holt. 7s. 6d. MY WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Illustrated. 9s. EXILES IN THE ÆGEAN. By Bert Birtles. Illustrated. 16s. VILLAGE TALE. By John de Meyer. 7s. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—THE VERGE OF LAKELAND. By William T. Palmer. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. DANGER SPOTS OF EUROPE. By Bernard Newman. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. ACES, PLACES, AND FAULTS. By Wm. T. Tilden. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. A GUEST OF LIFE. By Nelle M. Scanlan. 8s. 6d. HARRAP.—JAPAN'S "GRAND OLD MAN," PRINCE SAIONJI, THE LAST GENRO. By Bunji Omura. 15s. HEINEMANN.—IN THE EAST MY PLEASURE LIES By Theodora Benson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THE FASHION IN SHROUDS. By Margery Allingham. 8s. 6d. QUEST FOR THE GRIFFON. By Robert Atkinson. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. EUROPE AT PLAY. By E. H. Tattersall. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BRIGHTON ROCK. By Graham Greene. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—TO YOU, MR. CHIPS. By James Hilton. 5s. HOTEL & GENERAL ADVERTISING CO.—"THE HANDY" HOTEL GUIDE. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD. — EMBROIDERED GAUZE PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS CHINESE LADIES. By Eloise Talcott Hibbert. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. WINTERSET. By Maxwell Anderson. 5s. MACMILLAN.—THE JOYFUL DELANEYS. By Hugh Walpole. 8s. 6d. JOURNEYING WAVE. By Richmal Crompton. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—COMPANION TO TWEED. By George Burnett. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. PURPOSE IN DESIGN. By Amelia Defries. Illustrated. 21s. ALEXANDER MORING.—TREES AND MEN. By Eleanor Hughes-Gibb. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. EGYPT PAPERS AND LECTURES. By the late Mary Brodrick. Selected and Edited by Eversley Robinson. 5s. FREDERICK MULLER. — MYSELF WHEN YOUNG. By Famous Women of To-day, edited by the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BLACK RIVER OF TIBET. By John Hanbury-Tracy. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. NICHOLSON & WATSON.—REDSKIN INTERLUDE. By Clare Sheridan. Illustrated. 15s. FINLAND ON TEN POUNDS. By Sydney A. Clark. 5s. AUSTRIA ON TEN POUNDS. By Sydney A. Clark. 5s. QUALITY PRESS.—EXILED TO HEAVEN. By Donald Grey. 7s. 6d. SONS OF THE ALAMO. By Christopher Culley. 7s. 6d.

CASUAL CHIC

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Pin-striped Precision in a knitted suit, the square coat worn with a skirt with two inverted pleats. It costs 5½ guineas at Debenham and Freebody, and is made in several colours

Rough-surfaced Fabrics always look best in the country, for they fit in with the general scene. Here is a knitted suit with a blurred check in cornflower-blue and maroon. The jacket has a double-seamed yoke and two patch pockets, it costs 5½ guineas, comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, and is made as well in charming shades of rust and green, mulberry and green, and black and grey

Collars Make Autumn News, for nearly all the newest jerseys have them. These two are of Himalaya wool, very soft and warm, the deeply-ribbed one, made in pastels and deep colours, priced 25s., or with long sleeves, 32s. 6d.; and the second, with the fancy yoke and tie, priced 30s. Both come from Finnigans, of 17, New Bond Street, W.

A HOLIDAY ON THE WATER

Cruising on England's Inland Waterways Provides the Motorist with a Welcome Change

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

SOME of us have had our holidays, some are at the moment enjoying them, and others have their vacation to come. Unfortunately, I have just returned from mine and I wonder how many spent them in the same way as I did. Most people have different views on what a holiday should be. In my opinion, the essential factor is a complete change of environment. Motoring as I do about 25,000 miles a year, I did not embark on a motoring holiday, but not liking to get too far away from the internal combustion engine and still wishing to move about just when I wanted to without having to make any definite plans, I spent my fortnight's leave on my motor cruiser.

Spending most days of the year with hundreds of people around me, in order to get a change I would not on my own accord go to the seaside, unless I could find some secluded spot where there was no promenade, no picture house, and no crowd. To find such a place on the coast of England to-day is a difficult task. People who own a car and who have not many opportunities of using it throughout the year obviously spend their holidays motoring. That is as it should be, and I can imagine quite well that such a holiday is likely to be most enjoyable. Other folk are not content unless they form one of a crowd, so naturally they go to one or other of the popular seaside resorts.

Some friends of mine do not mind whether they are one of a crowd or just one of a small band of people, provided that their whole week or fortnight is mapped out for them and every hour of the day is allocated by some organiser so they have not to think what they are going to do next. It is a mercy that we do not all want to spend our holidays in exactly the same manner.

People like myself who are not particularly keen to trust themselves to the tender mercies of the open sea can find many waterways in England where a motor cruiser can be employed. Old Father Thames is probably the best-known English river, and has probably more craft on it than any other river in this country. During the past few years several of the boat-yards have built or acquired fleets of cruisers varying in size which they hire out by the week. I doubt if there is any river in England that has finer scenery, but unfortunately there are a large number of locks which have to be negotiated if any distance is to be travelled. Lock fees and registration charges are fairly high, while certain necessary restrictions are apt to be irksome.

Probably the most popular place for holiday-makers who wish to hire motor or sailing craft is the Broads. There we have hundreds of miles of inland waterways without a solitary lock to hold up one's progress. For many seasons I selected the Broads, and I have spent many enjoyable weeks cruising up and down the various rivers and lakes which go to make up this cruising ground. Cruising on the Broads has become a very simple affair, restrictions are very few and almost at every mile there are supply stores where provisions and water can be taken aboard. As a matter of fact, the place has become so civilised that enterprising suppliers bring round provisions in motor boats to the cruisers while they are moored up, and even boats specially chartered by ice-cream vendors bring their wares by water to the various holiday-makers.

Although I have not been there for a few years, I believe there are now policemen in boats, but whether they are employed in traffic control or not I cannot say.

My own choice is the Fenland river system, which comprises the rivers Cam and Ouse with the tributaries of the latter. True, the scenery is not terribly enticing, but the place is unspoilt; there are many occasions when it is quite uncertain whether fresh water or provisions can be obtained. This spice of uncertainty is to me a great attraction. If the owner of the cruiser does not wish to pass through locks there are about 100 miles of river which can be covered without progress being held up in this manner. When it is decided to pass through locks, unlike the Thames one has in many cases to go and look for the individual who has the necessary keys to work the gates and sluices.

As regards costs, these naturally vary according to the size of the cruiser selected, but on the average I would say that the hire of a suitable boat works out at approximately £3 per person per week. The charges vary according to the season of the year. As regards running costs, on my own boat I find that I use approximately one gallon of petrol per hour, and as for oil, my engine is so economical that I doubt if it uses more than a quart in six months.

To revert to my own holiday, my motoring afloat was most successful. My boat is not particularly large but it will accommodate four people in comfort and is 100 per cent. reliable. This reliability is due entirely to the Morris Navigator engine which constitutes the motive power. Probably, not everyone realises that the great firm of Morris have entered the motor-boating sphere and so I would like to let it be known that if any reader contemplates hiring or buying a motor cruiser and the craft has a Morris engine, he or she can be confident that the power unit will not let them down.

I have had my boat for three years and except that each winter while it is laid up the engine is decarbonised, nothing whatever is done to it. It is fitted with a dynamotor, which used to be a feature of the old Morris cars, and although this type of combined dynamotor and starter appears to have been dropped so far as cars are concerned, I am glad to be able to testify that it is entirely satisfactory. Complete silence is obtained in operation and it never appears to require any attention. The engine springs into life at the touch of the starter-button even when I only use the boat at week-ends.

THROUGH HEDGEROW SPLENDOUR: Meandering through country lanes with no fixed objective is one of the joys of summer motoring. A scene in a Suffolk lane pictured by Douglas Went

STREAMLINED EFFICIENCY: The 21·6-h.p. Hudson Super-Terraplane Saloon. This fast and roomy vehicle develops 122 b.h.p., and retails for the remarkably low price of £330

On left—
AVOIDING AN S BEND: The upper part of this picture shows the new road approaching completion on the Rest-and-be-Thankful Hill between Glasgow and Oban and the dangerous curve just below which it will by-pass

The Ford Motor Company always appear to be doing something quite out of the ordinary and their latest effort appears to be the dispatch from their London headquarters of a mobile village which includes a complete self-contained film studio. This mobile village is off on a five-months tour of Europe to make coloured travel films in Hungary, Yugoslavia, Albania, and Greece. Laboratories, recording booth, projection theatre, and the various essentials of a film studio are all erected in a Fordson 2-ton van.

The personnel will live in two trailer caravans drawn by the location van and a powerful car. The caravans are each divided into two separate flats, with their own bed, wash-basins, wardrobes, dressing tables, and furniture. Each flat has a separate door, complete with latchkey, and the caravans are fitted with gas-stoves, electric lighting, and refrigerators.

The entry list for the Shelsley Walsh International Hill Climb is rapidly filling with the names of British front rank drivers, amongst whom are several newcomers to the Hill who will be a very definite challenge to A.F.P. Fane, the record holder, and Raymond Mays, who just failed to regain the record last May.

Of the old brigade of Shelsley enthusiasts Fane intends to keep his record and Mays has very definite hopes of regaining it, while Hadley and Dodson on the little Austins, who were within 2 secs. of the record, have great hopes of knocking off these fractions. The ladies, too, who by the way, are *not* barred at Shelsley, will have their own battle to fight. Mrs. Petre's record will be in considerable danger if Miss Stanley-Turner's arrangements go as planned. She will be driving Arthur Dobson's E.R.A.

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The FEMININE ANGLE: Some Types of To-day and a Star of Yesterday

A PLAYER OF PROMISE: Fifteen-year-old Pamela Cater (right) taking tea with her sister Jeanne after playing a match in the Essex Junior Championships at Westcliff-on-Sea. Pamela reached the semi-finals of both the girls' doubles and the mixed doubles, revealing distinct natural ability

WEDDING BELLS FOR EAST AND WEST: *Left*—Mr. Kenneth Bellman, elder son of Sir Harold Bellman, and Miss Doreen O'Brien leaving Stanmore parish church, Middlesex, after their marriage. *On right*—Mr. Ho Sze Ko, Chinese Vice-Consul in London, with his bride, Miss Hsiung Huoa Lien

IN ACCORDANCE WITH CENTURIES-OLD ROMANY RITES Tony and Mariana, a gypsy couple, were married last week-end in the Yorkshire moorland village of Baildon, and afterwards they leapt over the encampment fires as a symbol of their union. Gypsy Petulengro officiated

THE PASSING OF MAY YOHE: The famous stage star of the '90's who died last Sunday in America in much reduced circumstances. Her first husband was Lord Francis Hope (later Duke of Newcastle) and during the eight years the marriage lasted she often wore the renowned £60,000 Hope Diamond. This portrait was taken in her prime

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 382)

members of that trade, and it is from the letters of one of them, Mrs. Dorothy Procter of Entre Quintas, that this story has been mainly constructed.

The difficulty which I remarked on before is an elementary one, but none the less a real deterrent to one's enjoyment of what should be a very absorbing story. The pages so bristle with the names of people, places and offices that it becomes an exercise to plough through the little forests of capital letters. Somewhere in those *majuscules* exists an account of courage and spirit that is worth the unravelling.

THE NEGROES BEGIN AT CALAIS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is the amusing title of an amusing book. Accepting Henri Béraud's *mot* that there is a prevailing idea in these islands that the Continent is peopled by lesser breeds without the law, and probably dark-skinned at that, Mr. Frederick Howard conceived the idea of depositing a queer collection of people at Calais, and of extracting picaresque fun out of their peripatetic adventures, which take them as far as Moscow, to Istanbul and back.

The cast is a good one for comedy. It is headed by the eccentric proprietor of an English weekly, who brings the lot together, and sends them on their tour of Europe with the idea that they should collaborate on a book about it all. Of these there is Peter, over-anxious that his wife Dorothy shall not renew her war-time *faiblesse* for a Frenchman who is also of their party. And everything points to the fact that his fears are not ungrounded.

True to type also, there is the German scientist and his enigmatic sister. Then there is an Italian, who has reason to be worried along the same lines as Peter. Also an odd British journalist, and then the wayward Maisie, with her husband, of whom it is said that he is a dreadful example of what Rousseau and Russia can make of a Scot. A word in place is also due for the Soviet official "whose speech is sheer Babbitt."

They cover Europe pretty thoroughly in a continuous stream of talk and adventures which keep the reader constantly on the hop. There is a delightful absence of profundity in any of their conclusions, nor is one exercised by any emotional or spiritual conflict between them. The one sop which Mr. Howard consents to throw is the ultimate happiness of Peter.

Here is a light, amusing, and witty book of the type of *wagon lit* literature invented by Paul Morand, and is none the worse for that.

TAMMANY UNDER FIRE (Continued from page 364)

inclined. No sooner did the boats cast off from the piers than champagne, beer, and whisky were handed out generously.

When winter came, the balls, picnics and parties continued, also beefsteak dinners *ad lib*. Dinners to as many as 7,000 guests were given, and five tons of steak consumed. Meanwhile, New York City was what was known as "wide open": gambling, prostitution and drinking flourished under the eyes and protection of the police. The number of prostitutes on the sidewalks of New York was said to be 35,000.

Yet, with the rise of the large corporation, Tammany Hall drew vast profits from hitherto unforeseen sources: for instance, the contracting business, water, gas, electricity, the railroads, and much more profit than from the sources already listed. It was Murphy's great and lasting contribution to the philosophy of Tammany Hall—that he taught the organisation that more money could be made by a legal contract than by petty blackmail. Tammany Hall grew outwardly more respectable; but behind the scenes graft went on as usual.

In 1909 there were between 30,000 and 50,000 votes cast illegally. During the world war Murphy was making 5,000 dollars a day from a glucose deal with the British Government. In order to obtain the glucose on favourable terms Murphy had to extend a good deal of political favours, and he obtained what no other Tammany boss had ever obtained before—the control of the whole State of New York; other bosses had to be content with the control of New York City.

Murphy worked hard and succeeded in getting Al Smith elected Governor of New York State. By this time Murphy, because of his control of the Tammany machine which was now running the State of New York, was looming big within the Democratic party. During the time Wilson was President Murphy's power waned, because the President refused to recognise Tammany Hall. Murphy forced the nomination of James M. Cox as President, then he had Al Smith renominated, and was working hard on plans to get Smith elected President of the U.S., when on April 25, 1924, he died.

To-day Tammany Hall is found to be working along the same lines as it did at the end of the eighteenth century. In spite of the revelations of the Hofstader Committee, Tammany finds jobs for school teachers and street cleaners; it used to conciliate speakeasy proprietors, now it attends funerals, throws parties and banquets, sells low real estate assessments against high insurance written with the offices of Tammany officials, and it employs some 200,000 men in city administration.

There are perhaps seventy district leaders. They are the middlemen between the big powers, the sachems, grand sachems, aldermen, assembly-men, senators, and so on, on one side, and between the workers, the clerks, "police cops," lorry drivers, judges, etc., on the other, from whom they get the votes and, in turn, extend jobs and various favours.

The revelations of the Hofstader Committee and its counsel, Judge Seabury, some few years back led to the retirement to Europe for a while of the colourful Mayor of New York, James (Jimmy) Walker. Actually the revelations of that committee were no more startling or sensational than those made by the Lexow Committee in the early 1890's, or those of the Mazet Committee in the early 1900's. Now Tammany is on show again, but it is soon seen that Tammany is just an effective by-product of New York City municipal life, only the form changes; one may say with justice of the Tammany machine that the more it changes the more it remains the same thing.

Revelations will continue, but the Tammany machine, like time itself, continues ticking.

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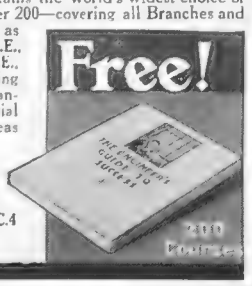

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AUTUMN IN THE REALM OF TRAVEL

An Ideal Time to Go Abroad—When Continental Resorts are no Longer in the Grip of Stifling Midsummer Heat

THERE are many travellers who regard autumn as the best time for getting about. There are not only less people travelling, but the period of stifling warmth which afflicts some of the Continental parts, most attractive in other respects, has passed and the autumnal colour gives the countryside its most vivid robe.

One country with a particularly strong autumn appeal is Czechoslovakia and my diary of events there for September and October has no vacant dates. The Prague Sample Fair is now in full swing and this week-end there are bridge and golf tournaments at Piešťany. Later this month there will be a music festival in Prague in memory of the composer Leoš Jacáček; the international automobile race, the "Masaryk Ring" at Brno, and on the 28th, festivals of St. Wenceslas, patron saint of Bohemia. The jubilee festivals of the twentieth anniversary of independent Czechoslovak State will culminate in Prague on October 28.

Sub-Carpathian Russia, with its vast vineyards, its miles of primeval forest, its vast herds of cattle, sometimes amounting to 100,000 head, is a great experience. If you want to hunt there is no better place, and it is an easy matter to arrange it with the proprietors of estates and the Management of the State Forests and Estates.

Sunrise on Everest.—Looking farther afield, there are opportunities coming along for visiting with small escorted parties some of the most attractive travel grounds in the world.

One party will be leaving London just before Christmas for Ceylon, Burma and India on a tour occupying between fourteen and fifteen weeks. They will spend a week motoring through the island and then go to Southern India. From Madras they cross the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon, and during their fortnight in Burma will visit Mandalay, Bhamo, farther up the Irrawaddy, and Kalaw, a hill station. They will cross India from Calcutta to Bombay, via Benares, Lucknow, Delhi and inevitably Agra. Before leaving the east coast they will make the excursion to Darjeeling and go by rickshaw or pony out to Tiger Hill to see the sunrise on Everest. They will sail from Bombay homeward bound on March 18. I believe last winter a similar tour was arranged and went off without a hitch. The party then consisted of eleven, of whom eight were women.

Cairo to Cape Town.—Then there is the journey through the African continent. The traveller who does that certainly has something worth talking about. This safari, a Ki-Swahili word meaning journey, has been quite an event in the world of travel in recent years and another has been arranged for early in 1939; again under the leadership of Captain George F. Shearwood, who was an officer in the King's African Rifles and is a leading authority on travel in Africa.

He will take eleven people with him. They will leave Cairo about the middle of January and finish up at Cape Point in April. In the weeks that lie between they will see the major sights of Egypt, the Nile right up to its source, the Mountains of the Moon, the great lakes, the plains of the big game, the Victoria Falls. Enormous herds of wild animals will be seen in their natural surroundings, and the travellers will be greeted by natives of a score of races, from pigmies to Zulus. Central Africa for the most part is not unbearably hot, and I believe a quite surprising degree of comfort is possible on the safari. The whole trip costs just under £700 from Cairo.

Gloucester.—My journeyings not infrequently take me to a part of this island no traveller should miss—Gloucestershire. Any one of a dozen places might set up a claim to being the best centre from which to carry out your explorations; but why not the city which gives its name to the county? That city going back to the misty past has a well-established history from Roman times, and quite a lot has been done to reconstruct the Gloucester of those days, although it is considerably below the levels of to-day. The cathedral church—one of our finest—has come down to us literally through fire, traces of which remain in the Chapter House and on some of the pillars of the nave. There is a tradition that in the Chapter House William the Conqueror ordered the making of the *Domesday Book*. The Great Cloister, between 500 and 600 years old, is one of the most beautiful in existence.

Whatever direction you take from Gloucester you will find interest. From the Cotswolds, running down to Somerset, there is a constant panorama of the valley in which the ever-widening Severn "Sea" lies like a silver cord. Shakespeare knew that scene and the stone villages of the ridge. On the Welsh side there is the Forest of Dean. The scenery is different, and Newnham is one of those places I feel I want to live in. Tewkesbury and Cirencester for antiquity and Cheltenham for the atmosphere of the spa must come into your itineraries. I think you will find the burr of the natives quite attractive, too.

Arnhem.—Travellers to the Continent through Holland must be quite familiar with the name of Arnhem on the right bank of the Rhine. This garden city of the Netherlands and capital of Guelderland is worth much more than a passing glimpse. It was a member of the Hanseatic League for two centuries and played a part in a number of upheavals, but there are few of the scars to be seen now. At Arnhem you seem well outside the traditional pictures of life in Holland, for her dykes and canals have given way to rolling hill and valley. From the north bank it looks over the broad reach of the Rhine. It is a good centre for the Veluwe hills, which are rich in natural beauty and have been made much more accessible in recent years owing to the construction of a network of roads. In the old town the Groote Kerk is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The steeple is 280 ft. high and contains one of the finest sets of bells in the country. There are forty-five of them.

Belgium and Luxembourg.—Every tourist season sees a flood of illustrated pamphlets designed to attract the holiday-maker. The "ideas men" try to outdo one another in novel presentation and call to their aid the best artists in the business. Very pleasing indeed to the eye are the results, but with few exceptions the publications are of little value to the traveller who wants to "do" a place thoroughly. He must derive complete satisfaction from those excellent *Travellers' Handbooks* issued by Cook's. The latest deals with Belgium and Luxembourg, and although it is referred to as the twelfth edition of a guide-book which first appeared over forty years ago it is really a new work. Mr. Laurence Wright, who prepared it from information collected on a comprehensive tour through the two countries, inevitably had to concentrate on facts rather than fancy writing, but he has chosen the right facts, and I like the orderliness of their presentation.

The Amazon.—A very good time for this journey is in the late autumn or winter. The Booth steamers leave Liverpool on September 17, October 13, November 1, January 6, and February 14. They go about 1,000 miles up the river and the complete voyage occupies seven weeks.

Vittoriale Degli Italiani.—The home of the soldier-poet Gabriele d'Annunzio is about half an hour's walk from Gardone Riviera on Lake Garda. Follow the Gardesana motor road for about half a mile and then turn left along a main road. The whole estate is surrounded by high walls and consists of various buildings, gardens, and monuments replete with relics of war and art treasures collected by d'Annunzio. The gardens are beautifully designed and slope down to the lake. It is a very remarkable place and is now a national museum.

Round the World.—For a tour round the world occupying the last week or two of this year and first four months of next, we suggest you go out via the Suez Canal to Ceylon, then on to Penang and Singapore. There are frequent services from Singapore to Java at least once a week and sometimes twice weekly. The South Pacific Line runs to Auckland from Singapore, Java and Fort Horesby. From Auckland you could travel by the Canadian-Australasian Line via Suva—Fiji—Honolulu to Vancouver and then across the Rockies either to Montreal, or to New York via Winnipeg, thus taking in Chicago and Detroit. The C.P.R. book through to Auckland, and we advise you to do it that way as it would effect a considerable saving. You may break your journey at any point across Canada for as long as you like. If you wish to include Indo-China, it would be possible to get a connection from Singapore.

Beverley Brooke

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

BERGUES: A FINE OLD TOWN OF FRENCH FLANDERS

THE WHITE TOWER OF THE ABBEY OF ST. WINOC is a picturesque feature of Bergues, a typical old town of French Flanders. *Right*—The 16th-century belfry

TOWN PLANNING IN THE LATE MIDDLE AGES: An aerial view showing the great circular boulevard which encompasses the central part of Bergues. The town lies about five miles from the port of Dunkirk, close to the Belgian frontier. It is all too often missed by the tourist, though it is a place of unspoilt charm and would well repay a visit

THE HOTEL IN THE PATH OF THE SUN

Facing due South and the Sea in its own three acres of Grounds. Golf and Riding in a sunny, bracing climate. And indoors a tradition of hospitality, the best of English fare, a picked wine list, balconies looking on to the Sea, and, of course, running water. Your well being is the personal interest of the Proprietor, G. JAMES. Write to him for brochure. *Telephone 40.*

THE ROYAL **NORFOLK** HOTEL BOGNOR REGIS

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

KNAPPE CROSS? . . .

OUR GUESTS? People who are accustomed to the best and a little better.
OUR SETTING? South Devon—a famous country house with panoramic sea-views.
OUR CUISINE? The fruits of the earth in their season . . . adorned by an artist among chefs.
OUR BEDS? Designed to indulge — after golf, hunting, tennis, or just lounging in our thirty acres of garden.

• • • *THE MOST CHARMING HOTEL IN THE WEST*

For details write W. C. Dedman, Knappe Cross Hotel, near Exmouth.

In the lee of the Leas . . . in the path of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for an Autumn holiday.

PRINCES' HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

The essential details. Rooms with private bath or suites. Lifts to all floors. Central heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links 10 minutes walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone Folkestone 2666

. . . *and still THE RED HOUSE*

the ideal country base for the man or woman who enjoys Town life. Sleeping in the country, a good breakfast and a quick journey by road or rail make a pleasant beginning to the business of the day. And the end? A book, billiards, or a rubber of bridge.

THE RED HOUSE. LEATHERHEAD

Resident proprietress will gladly send you particulars. Private Suites available on first and ground floors. One minute from the station. Telephone: 227172.

3 *Sound Reasons* . . .

For taking your holiday this September at SHANKLIN TOWERS HOTEL, ISLE OF WIGHT. Telephone: Shanklin 2429.

Climatically . . . Stands in high grounds and faces south.
Catering . . . Special diets, children's meals and picnic luncheons are pleasurably provided.
Companionship . . . Shanklin Towers attracts nice people of all ages who find pleasant companionship in the facilities which the hotel offers for indoor and outdoor recreation.

Write to-day for brochure to the resident proprietors, Mr. and Mrs S. B. Gould.

SHANKLIN TOWERS
SHANKLIN, I. o. W. HOTEL
Inclusive and moderate terms. Licence for visitors only.
Interchangeable facilities with Ventnor Towers Hotel, Ventnor.

A "SEE" HOLIDAY

We live in a land of beauty, famous dales, 'fish-full' rivers, and towering peaks, surrounded by thousands of acres protected by the National Trust. Here is the "See" Holiday Centre perfect. Free golf, tennis, dancing, croquet, bowls. Here are all the incidental pleasures of living, where the daily average of visitors all the year is well over 200. Holiday this year at

SMEDLEY'S at MATLOCK

Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Telephone: Matlock 17.

ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

In Quest of

The Coast Is Now Clear for a More Peaceful Atmosphere

AUGUST is over. The tumult and the shouting are beginning to die. The captains and the kings, it is true, are still steaming around the Mediterranean in their palatial yachts; but the fathers and mothers of families, who are compelled to take their holidays in England and in August, are beginning to return home, and the coast is clear for the holiday-maker who prefers a more peaceful atmosphere.

Of all months in the year perhaps June is the only one which challenges September for the perfection of a summer holiday. Tastes differ as between these two, but the discriminating traveller will always agree that September is a month which, in England, has a peculiar charm of its own, coupled as a rule with some of the best weather in the year.

I notice from my mail-bag that the majority of people who save their holiday until September are people who like to avoid, if possible, the big resorts and the five-star hotels and seek something quieter and less pretentious in the remote and beautiful parts of this island. It is for them I write this week, with a bunch of suggestions which I hope will lead them to places of tranquillity and rest.

It is a bold man who would deny that the South Devon coast is the equal of any part of England for the beauty of its countryside and the softness of its climate. And though many of the towns along its seaboard are now fashionable resorts there are still a few places left which are unspoiled—or should I say untouched?—by the hand of man.

The particular little place which I have in mind in writing this is a house of quiet and true homely hospitality the Dormie House at Churston Ferrars, some half a dozen miles west of Paignton. The first time I visited this little home, which is so hospitably fathered and mothered by Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Godfery, I was struck by little more than the genuineness of the welcome I received and the astonishing brightness and cleanliness both of the house itself and of its lovely surroundings.

And quite enough too, you may say, to ensure a holiday of contentment. So it is, but there are other points about the Dormie House which one notices on further acquaintance—and most especially its strategic position in relation to the places round it. For there are so many people who delight in the quietness of an unspoiled countryside, and at the same time like to ensure themselves against bad weather by being within reasonable distance of town life.

The Dormie House is astonishingly off the beaten track, and yet it is within two or three minutes drive of the main road and but a quarter of an hour from Torquay and Paignton in one direction and a similar distance from Brixham in the other. For those who seek this sort of holiday, my tip is Churston Ferrars, and when you have been there I will wager you will find it . . . a hot tip.

Another spot on this well-favoured western peninsula of Great Britain which immediately comes to mind in thinking of September holidays is Lee Abbey at Lynton. I have told SPHERE readers of this place on more than one occasion before, so I shall not describe it in detail now. But I would remind you—and especially those of you who are lovers of birds and trees and nature in her most natural mood—that Lee Abbey, basking in the sun on its 400 acres of southern slope, is unsurpassed for an autumn holiday.

I have heard people object to Lynton on the ground that it is always too full

Entertainment . . .

London begins at the Alexandra—nearly all map distances are measured from Hyde Park Corner. Entertainment for yourself—Mayfair, the Shops, and Theatres close at hand. And, for your friends, nowhere could be more suitable to invite them for a theatre, dinner, or to "put them up" for the week-end. Our cuisine, comfort, and service—unquestionable; our terms moderate beyond dispute.

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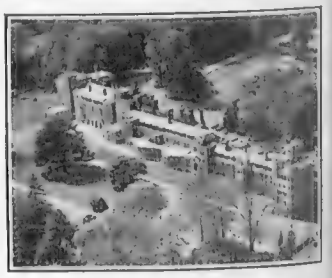
HYDE PARK CORNER • LONDON, S.W.1
140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

SELSDON PARK HOTEL
SANDERSTEAD • SURREY
'Phone: SANDERSTEAD 2001.



Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yards) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, swimming, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.
Illustrated brochure free on request.

A Haven of Enchantment

The sweep of oak-woods to the water's edge . . . tapering masts reflected in blue water . . . the cry of gulls . . . and the measured sound of rowlocks in the deepening twilight . . . tiny lights that wink and bob among the ripples . . . all this is Falmouth Harbour, a haven of enchantment. Enjoy its romantic beauty this autumn from the

GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

Own private pier. Craft of all kinds. Fishing. Sailing. Walking. Golf.
Write to D. Baker for details or telephone: Falmouth 440-1

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The Holiday-maker Who Prefers Other than Hectic August Provides

of tourists. That is, of course, a matter of taste. But to do Lee Abbey justice, I must point out in the first place that it is a little distance outside the town itself, and in the second place that if I had the time—which I should very much like—to spend a fortnight's holiday there this month, I do not believe that I should ever leave the hotel grounds—so much is there to do, so many thousands of natural delights to be discovered inside those imposing gates.

I have just returned to London from a fleeting visit to one of my favourite small hotels in England — Woodcote Hotel at Dulverton, on Exmoor. I seem to hear some sceptical reader saying that I am never tired of mentioning the charm of this perfect wee hotel. If this is so, at least he must admit that I am never tired of visiting it. For every time I go there I find peace and quiet —and simple perfection. Just now, Exmoor and its surrounding country is looking at its very loveliest, and I returned from Dulverton refreshed in mind and body and astonishingly little depleted in pocket!

Another place which sets itself out especially to delight the September holiday-maker is the Shore Hotel at East Wittering, in one of the sunniest spots on the Sussex coast. Very different, this, from the other places I have mentioned, but equally perfect in its own way.

For Captain J. A. Newman, the famous racing motorist who owns the Shore, aims at that peculiar kind of comfort that one associates with the big hotel, at the same time preserving most jealously the natural advantages of his situation.

The Shore Hotel may be described as first-class luxury in miniature, and I use the term first-class to convey not only first-class hospitality, comfort and food, but also such further amenities of good living as a really good cellar and—unless you are vastly more unlucky than I have ever been—really good company.

Before I finish this article there is one addition to it that I must make, although space demands that for this week at any rate it be a short addition. On Saturday, August 27, was opened at the Palace Hotel, Buxton, what is claimed by local enthusiasts to be the finest indoor swimming pool in existence.

I am always chary of committing myself to statements about so-and-so being the finest or the largest of its kind, but certainly the amenities of this new pool present a challenge which is unanswered in my experience.

The three points which Mr. J. J. Hewlett, the enterprising manager of the Palace, emphasises about it are—first, the absolute purity and equable temperature of the water; secondly, the delightful surroundings and decoration of the pool, and thirdly, the comfort, cleanliness and efficiency of the changing rooms.

There are many people—particularly as the year moves on to September and the autumn months—who will not willingly sacrifice their daily swim, but who begin to seek the shelter of an indoor pool. Here is the indoor pool to perfection, with a solarium at one end and a gymnasium at the other. And here, the gay decorations of South Sea Island beaches and sun-tanned bathers will create the illusion of a veritable Indian summer in the Derbyshire hills, long after autumn has descended on the surrounding country.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

GOLFING RIDING TENNIS SWIMMING

Opened in July . . .

. . . the very latest word!

We told the Architects "only the best." We gave them carte blanche. Every resource went to the making of a Superlative Hotel. We know that it is the very latest word . . . and so will you when you have stayed with us.
Would you like to look out from your bedroom over the Irish Sea and the mouth of the Ribble, while light and shadow mingle on the waves? Would you like to test superlative foods and superlative service? We know what you will say to your friends . . . you will say STAY AT THE

CLIFTON ARMS HOTEL

Lytham St. Annes

14 miles from Preston. 7 from Blackpool Airport.

Full particulars from the Manager, J. J. Heretier.

For quiet seaside luxury, come to

SHORE HOTEL

Near Chichester EAST WITTERING Sussex

No piers, no pierrots, no promenade. Magnificent air. A wonderful sunshine record. Safe bathing direct from the hotel. Fine wine, good food, "Slumberland" nights. Terms from 5 to 7 gns. according to room and month. Telephone: West Wittering 345. A.A., R.A.C. Fully licensed.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious headquarters for a delightful Autumn. Fullest details with pleasure from the proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

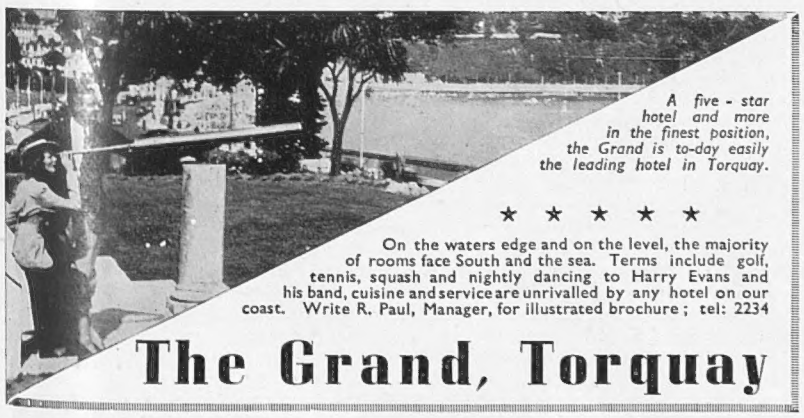
— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

SCOTLAND

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure

From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed. 50 miles from Empire Exhibition. Tariff free.

PEEBLES HYDRO



A five-star hotel and more in the finest position, the Grand is to-day easily the leading hotel in Torquay.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

On the waters edge and on the level, the majority of rooms face South and the sea. Terms include golf, tennis, squash and nightly dancing to Harry Evans and his band, cuisine and service are unrivalled by any hotel on our coast. Write R. Paul, Manager, for illustrated brochure; tel: 2234

The Grand, Torquay

EDINBURGH THE ALISON HOTEL
Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

Telephone 31295 *Telegrams: Melcrest, Edinburgh*

SEPTEMBER . . . and Onwards

The holiday rush will be over . . . schools will have recommenced. There will be a "Bleak House" atmosphere abroad. But not at

LINCOMBE HALL

The Garden Hotel of Torquay

Here the season never flags. Every year there's a regular "school" who would not miss their late holiday at Lincombe Hall. Pleasant people to meet. Full staff and service. Our September "school" enjoy by day picnic parties to the beauty spots of Devon; free bathing; free tennis; by night, a game of cards, billiards, or snooker. We have 50 bedrooms, many with private bathroom.

Inclusive September Terms from 4½ gns.

Write for descriptive brochure.

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

IN THE CLACHAN OF ABERFOYLE

In the Highlands of Rob Roy, this modern Hotel with the world-famous "Bailie's Bar." Situated at "The Gateway to the Highlands," ideal for visiting the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, etc. Fishing on Loch Chon and Loch Ard free to visitors. Open all the year. Fully Licensed. Only 27 miles from the Empire Exhibition. Story of "The Bailie" free with Tariff.

Resident Proprietor: Alastair D. Cameron.

'Phones: Aberfoyle **202-3.** *'Grams:* "ABUNDANCE, ABERFOYLE."

THE BAILIE NICOL JARVIE HOTEL

Stay at the centre of centres for Tours —

SOUTHAMPTON POLYGON HOTEL

For Luxury without Extravagance

'Phone: Southampton 5061 'Grams: Polygon Hotel, Southampton

BALLIKENRAIN CASTLE HOTEL

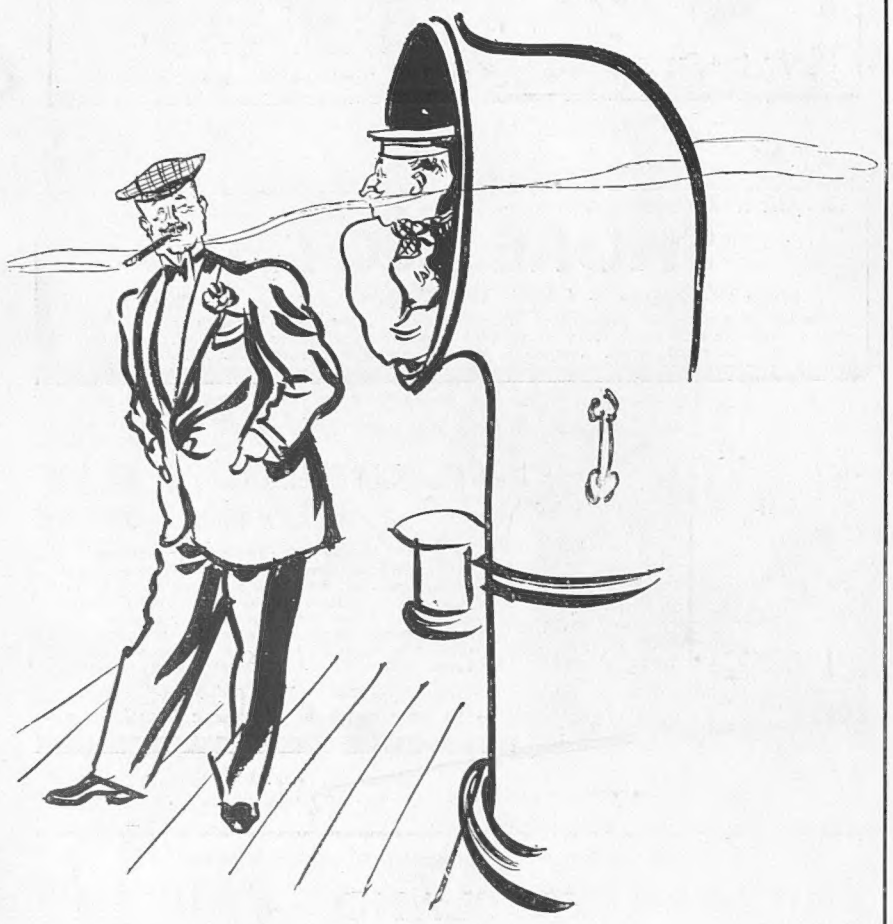
BALFRON

Telephone 44

STIRLINGSHIRE

A wonderful luxury hotel in magnificent surroundings. The cuisine is excellent and everything to add to the enjoyment of guests has been provided. The ideal place for a holiday. 300 acres of lovely grounds.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE



"That's a good cigar, Mister!"

"So it should be, Stoker! I saw it advertised."

Men of the world who want the best, wherever they find it, know that advertised goods are invariably the best of their kind : for only reliable products can stand up to intensive publicity. The manufacturer who makes a public claim must be able to prove it. So—

ADVERTISED GOODS

ARE THE GOODS TO BUY

CONTINUATIONS

"FIVE-POINT DRAWINGS" (*Continued from page 377*)

by Chartran, has on its reverse side the beginning of a drawing showing a figure engaged in gymnastic exercises.

Worn, faded, sometimes blotted, these scraps of paper, nearly sixty years old, their pricked points yet sharp and clear, are of genuine interest, not merely as recalling the groups of artists and friends who gathered in the hospitable Venetian house around "the most generous of hostesses" whose gracious kindness "earned . . . the gratitude of mingled generations and races," but also as drawings interesting in themselves, swift and forceful, surviving from what may well have been a larger collection of such "little nothings" from famous hands.

D. N. L.

EUROPE GROWS CANAL-CONSCIOUS (*Continued from page 362*)

This country on the way to Antwerp used to be celebrated as the Campine, a wild and primitive, largely uninhabited territory of pines and dunes, gorse and streams. It was beloved of painters. To-morrow it will be a minor Black Country of cokeries, power plant, zinc, lead, and copper industries, and coal, coal from the new minefield that is reputed to yield so much better quality stuff than did Liége, to the delight of the Flemings who have now got coal mines and heavy industries of their own, for about the first time, a fact they intend to rub in with their *bêtes noirs*, the Walloons.

I remember the Campine, from motoring into Holland by Turnhout. Yes, it was a surprise spot of calm and untamed nature in a country that hasn't got much of either outside parts of the Ardennes. Yet how some people thrill to the exit of such oases! Thrilled my Belgian friend: "In years to come the whole Liége-Antwerp 70-odd miles should be one strung-out industrial agglomeration!"

I only hope the people who've got to live in it will be as serene and as healthy as were Breughel's peasants.

But industry marches on, and one has to hand it to Belgium for a truly magnificent piece of work which has had to be executed from start to finish without interfering with the daily road, rail and waterway traffic between two great cities.

An even more ambitious waterway, the Rhine–Danube Canal, is due for completion by 1945. Work is already in full swing, in the sledge-hammer totalitarian manner. It was the taking over of Austria that put this tremendous project in the forefront of Nazi planning. As long as a foreign country held the Danube, at Vienna, there was small use in going ahead, since the *raison d'être* of the marriage of the two great rivers was, and is, to pour mass-produced Ruhr products unhindered into the undeveloped Balkan market, and to take cereals, oil, and ores in return — considerably on barter basis. To consummate this dream, Vienna had to be more than neutralised—squelched. An end to Germany having to ship her goods clean round Europe by water, or else of her having to transport them by costly rail-cum-barge to so tempting, deprived Danubia! It is hoped 'twill be all barge after 1945.

The canal will come into being in the zigzag 200-odd miles separating Mainz on the Rhine and Kalheim on the Danube. It will be an adapted affair, even as the Albert Canal married Meuse and Scheldt in an intertwining with forces already extant. In the case of the Nazi canal, this will borrow from the River Main at its start and from the Ludwig Canal to the south. The new canal proper will mainly cover the distance of some 65 miles between Wurzburg and Bamberg. Yet immense new work will also be necessary on the Main in order to permit of the passage of large enough bottoms.

A PRINCELY GIFT: This exact replica of the historic silver-gilt Charles II mace now in use in the House of Lords has been made by The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, and has just been dispatched by air to India, where the Hon. Maharajadhiraja Sir Kameshwar Singh of Darbhanga is to present it to the Indian Council of State

Will this canal emerge as a force for peace, as such peaceful, linking things as canals should surely be? That depends on how you look at things in general. The Nazi project is to build a great inland port near Vienna, and to continue blithely on down the muddy Donau through friendly Hungary, friendly enough Yugoslavia, and less friendly Rumania, down to the shore of the Black Sea itself. No; I was wrong there. I see from the map of the projected waterway that Germany proposes using the friendly Bulgarian side of the Danube, where this river forms the frontier with Rumania for 200 or 300 miles.

I must dismiss three remaining projects briefly, which can be done, as they are only projects, although one at least is likely to come to fruition. This concerns Italy's striking offer to Switzerland, that she connect Lake Maggiore, which at its northern extremity is Swiss (round Locarno), with the Adriatic via the rivers Ticino and Po. The lower reaches of the Po, in Italy, are negotiable by small seagoing vessels, and if the upper reaches, where the Po comes into contact with the Ticino, are taken in hand, and the Ticino no less so, Swiss vessels could, it is claimed, sail proudly for the first time in history . . . away from gloomily historic Locarno down to the Adriatic, where bigger Swiss ships — who knows, a Swiss navy — might be in waiting to receive Helvetian cargoes?

A dream? Why so? Italian engineers are second to none others, and there's big political possibilities for Fascism in such a realisation, apart from the economic and financial side.

The two other canals spoken of are unlikely to be realised. The first, "the Canal of the Two Seas," across southern France from Atlantic to Mediterranean, was up before M. Daladier again recently, as a possible mammoth contribution to the public works programme. Strategically, it would be of high value, in view of the ever growing precariousness of the Straits of Gibraltar, but the cost would be out of all proportion to the likely commercial return, and France is in no position to engage upon further stupendous development: she had enough of that waste under Tardieu.

Finally, there is the dim project for a canal through Andalusia, from below Cadiz to below Malaga, also conceived as a way round Gib.

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

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Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Pier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aberfoyle.—Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
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Le Krug 1921, with the cold Langouste, in place of salad
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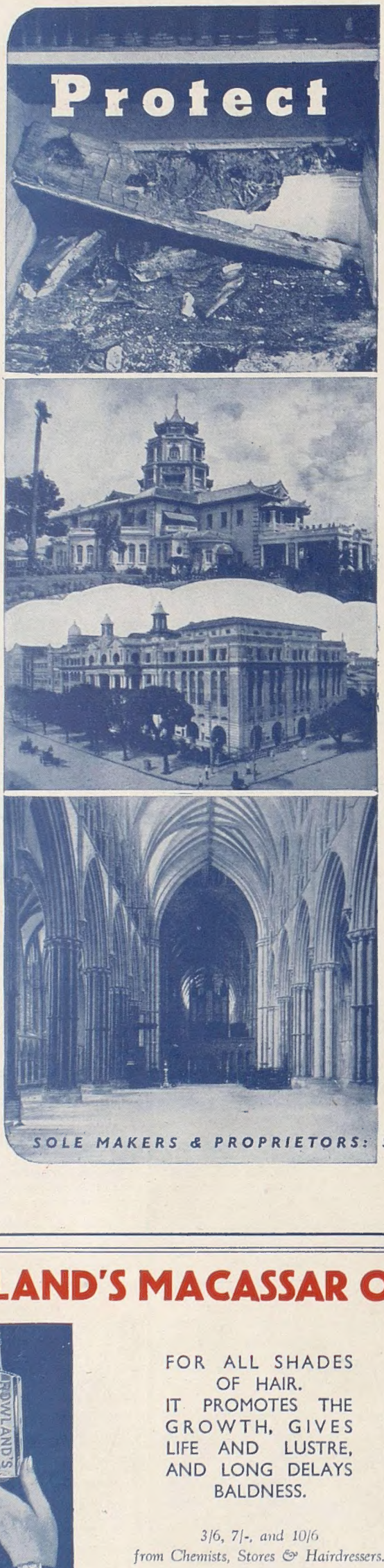

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